THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 17[illegible] Benj. Franklin

FEBRUARY 2, 1907 5c. THE COPY

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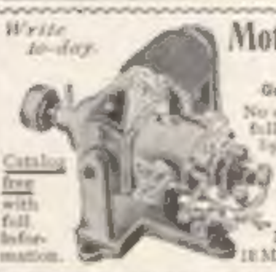

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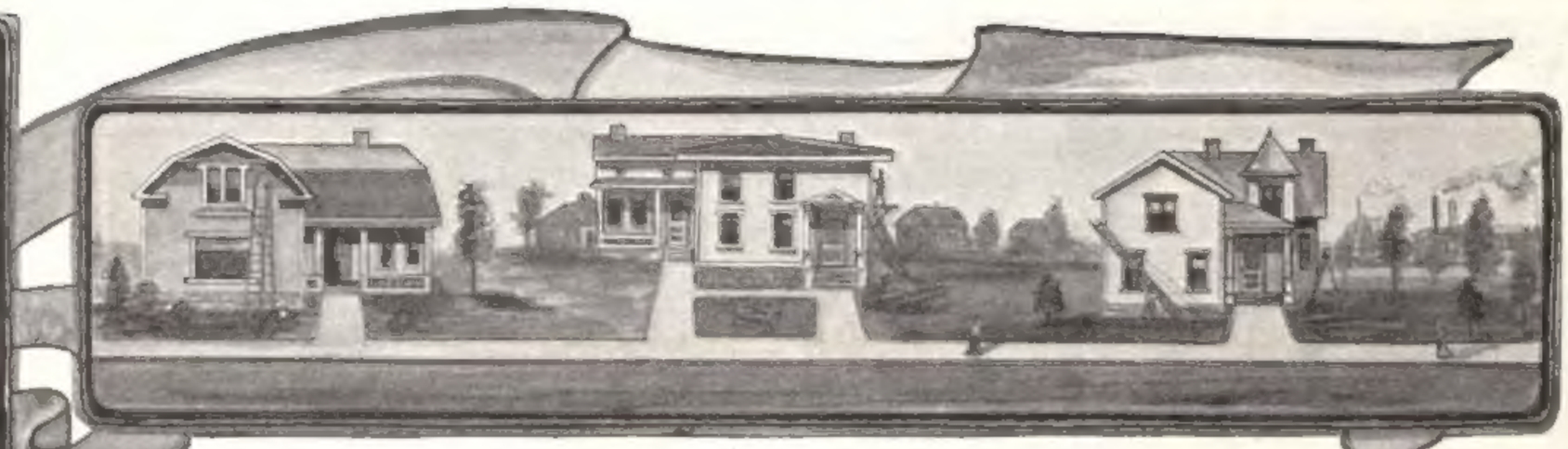

Some Points on Paints

Interesting Information That Every House Owner Should Know.

By J. G. SCHMIDT, A.M., B.S.C.

IT IS now generally conceded that a combination of two or more pigments make a better paint than does any single pigment.

No two of the many pigments used in modern paint making have the same specific gravities and physical properties. Therefore, to effect a perfect union of these differing pigments, they must be mixed together and ground in their dry state, again in their paste form, and again and again in semi-paste and liquid forms.

Many progressive, painstaking painters have tried to make in their own shops better paints than straight lead and oil mixtures. They have failed because they have not the mill equipment necessary to paint making, and these failures are largely responsible for the painters' prejudice against combination paints. They are not disposed to acknowledge that the unsatisfactory results are due to the methods employed rather than to the pigments used. With the proper machinery, and necessary technical information, any one can make good paint, but no painter, not even the largest contractor, consumes enough paint to warrant the expense of efficient laboratory and mill equipment.

If a white lead and oil job goes wrong, the painter blames the oil. If a prepared paint or combination lead job does not wear well, the painter blames the pigments. As a matter of fact, the painter is sometimes to blame. He applies the paint in a way, or at a time, that makes dissatisfaction inevitable.

Paint is often applied immediately after a rain, or in the early morning after a heavy dew or frost. This explains why three sides of a building will sometimes be in good condition, while on one side, or a portion of it, the paint has peeled. Paint will not hold on a damp surface. Natural moisture (as found in green lumber) is even worse than the dampness formed by rain, dew and frost; green lumber therefore should never be painted, nor should painting be resumed after a rain, nor in the morning before the surface has had ample time to dry.

Nothing will make paint hold on pitchy boards. The heat of the sun draws the pitch to the surface; the paint is loosened, and peeling results. Knots and pitchy surfaces that are given a coat of good orange shellac will hold paint if there is not too much pitch beneath. It is cheaper in the end to buy good lumber than to use knotty, pitchy stuff, and try to keep it painted.

A common cause of paint peeling is poor priming coats. Ochre should never be used as a primer. It dries flint hard, and forms a surface to which no paint will adhere. A house that has been primed with ochre is pretty sure to prove troublesome for years to come. Ochre has the one virtue of being cheap, but no good painter will use ochre. He knows better.

Many a job of painting has gone wrong because too much drier has been used. Too much drier in a paint is worse than none at all. It either retards the drying, or, worse still, "burns up" the oil—"the life of the paint." If all driers were of the same strength and all linseed oils of the same drying qualities, it would be easy to determine how much driers should be used. But some linseed oils dry slower than others, and therefore require more drier. On the other hand some driers are stronger than others, and less of them is needed. The painter has no means of determining the siccative (drying) qualities of the oil, or the strength of the driers he uses. He may use too much or too little with equally unsatisfactory results. In a modern paint factory skilled chemists make scientific tests and practical demonstrations which determine the physical and chemical properties of everything that goes into the paint. There is no guesswork about modern paint making.

Some of the linseed oil sold at retail is adulterated, and most of it lacks the age necessary to make it good oil, and, while an oil may be strictly pure, it does not follow that it is fit for paint.

The present process of manufacture squeezes every drop of oil from the flax seed, and with it is extracted mucilaginous matter that should not go into paints. If allowed to age, the greater part of this mucilaginous matter settles in the bottom of the tank. When properly aged and settled, the present-day linseed oil is as good as the "old-fashioned cold pressed oil," of which we hear so much.

The mucilaginous matter in new linseed oil is soluble in water, and it carries with it an excess of free fatty acids, which have a deleterious effect upon the paint and hasten its decomposition. An excess of fatty acids also retards the drying, which explains why some linseed oils dry better than others.

The oil is very often the cause of paint going wrong, because the painter cannot tell whether it is new or old, good or bad. If it does not smell of fish-oil, or mineral-oil, or some other adulterating oil, he accepts it as all right. But the prepared-paint manufacturer tests his oil. It cannot be adulterated without his knowing it. If it is a low-grade oil, made from musty, unripe, or poor seed, chemical tests will show it. You cannot deceive the expert chemists employed in the laboratories of the large prepared-paint factories.

At the factories of the Patton Paint Company there are large storage tanks in which the linseed oil is allowed to age. "Green oil" is never used in Sun-Proof Paint.

I have named the principal causes of paints going wrong, and I should state that some paints are more prone to peel, flake and chalk than others.

Paints made exclusively, or largely, of certain pigments, lack porosity—that is, absolutely no moisture can come through the paint film, and the least dampness under the paint will cause peeling. It must be understood that it is the heat of the sun that draws the moisture outward. The minute pores in the porous paint will exude moisture as does the pores of the skin, but they will not absorb moisture because there is no heat and air back of the paint.

The porosity of Patton's Sun-Proof Paint is one of its strongest points of merit. Because of this porosity, it will not blister, peel or scale under conditions that render other paints well-nigh valueless.

White lead has some points of excellence not possessed by any other pigment. It has exceptional opacity (covering qualities), is a good drier and works easily under the brush. The fact that white lead works easily under the brush is one reason why practical painters like it. A lazy painter has no use for a paint that "pulls." Such a paint must be well brushed, which means more labor and harder work. While some painters do not like this, it is nevertheless a well known fact that the more a paint is brushed, the longer will it last.

But white lead has some faults. It does not carry enough oil to make an enduring paint, and what little it does carry is, when lead and oil are used alone, soon decomposed by the chemical activity of the lead and by exposure to the elements. The paint dries out flat and soon chalks and is blown or washed from the building. This is especially true along the sea-coast, where the salt-laden air effects a chemical change in white lead, the carbonate of lead changing to chloride of lead, which is soluble in water. When this change takes place, the paint is washed from the surface by the rains. That is why the specifications of the United States Light House Board call for a paint containing but twenty-five per cent. of white lead.

Zinc carries from sixty to seventy per cent. more oil than does white lead. Unlike lead, zinc is not affected by chemical action when united with linseed oil, nor is it injured by the gases and atmospheric elements which so quickly destroy lead. The sulphurous gases which blacken white lead, whiten zinc. White lead, therefore, should not be used alone where it will come in contact with the gases arising from burning wood and coal.

Zinc also has its faults. It would be an ideal paint pigment were it not that it dries too hard, lacks elasticity and porosity.

Of the inert pigments used in paint making Silica is unquestionably the best. It is an absolutely inert pigment—unaffected by chemical action or change; it is the basic element of glass; it is the best natural wood filler known; it carries more oil than lead, and did it have greater covering qualities, would alone make a splendid paint because of its permanence.

Lead, Zinc and Silica, mixed in scientifically accurate proportions, and thoroughly ground, form the pigment base of the well-named, far-famed Patton's Sun-Proof Paints, to which are added aged linseed oil, turpentine drier, and the best coloring pigments obtainable. Each batch of Sun-Proof Paint receives six grindings and mixings, and the paint thus produced has the covering and good working qualities of lead, the spreading and oil-carrying capacity of zinc, and the permanence and binding qualities of Silica.

There is no paint so well balanced as Patton's Sun-Proof Paint. It contains enough oil to make a perfect paint film, and just the right amount of pigment to cover perfectly and protect the oil. It is an economical paint because it is an enduring paint. It is enduring because it is made by paint experts who guard jealously a well-earned reputation.

The manufacturers of Patton's Sun-Proof Paint have done much to disseminate reliable paint information. They are willing at all times to answer the paint queries of paint consumers. Beautiful color cards and interesting literature may be obtained by addressing the PATTON PAINT COMPANY, 231 Lake Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The Saturday Evening Post Advertiser.

SUCCESS in any business comes from knowing what people want; and in providing it for them. That's the way we have built up this clothing business. We know that every man wants good clothes; every man thinks the clothes he buys are as good as he can get for the money, or he wouldn't buy them. There's a variety of opinion as to what good clothes are; and as to what you have to pay for them; but clothes-goodness is a matter of fact, not of opinion, and the price is based on the facts, not on what you think about them.

We know that all men consider all-wool as best in clothing; and want it in the clothes they buy. We know that about ninety per cent of the clothing now being sold and worn is not all-wool, but is part cotton; in some cases seventy-five per cent cotton. Think of it! Nine-tenths of the men buying inferior clothes; goods adulterated and cheapened with cotton.

In the face of the fact that so many men are apparently willing to buy and wear this cotton-mixed trash, we use none but all-wool, or wool-and-silk fabrics. We put with these fabrics the best of other materials—linings, trimmings, etc., the things that show, and the things that dont show—haircloth, canvas, tailoring, etc. We make our clothes in our own clean, light, sanitary shops, with our own employes; expert tailors. Naturally we are correct style makers; we know what men want in style as well as in quality.

In other words, we hold that the highest standard of quality is not too high for the clothing business. Cotton masquerading as wool is a fraud, and we believe that fraud in clothes is just as bad as fraud in anything else. The maker of clothes has as great a moral obligation to the public to supply honest quality, as the producer of food. We think the wearer of clothes has some responsibility in the matter, too.

We want you to know the facts. If you have no trustworthy assurance that your clothes are all wool, they're probably part cotton. If you want cotton mixed clothes, all right; if you dont, you needn't have them.

Our label means all-wool; you can have it if you choose. It's a small thing to look for, a big thing to find. If you care to see our Spring Style Book, send six cents; we'll send the book when it's ready.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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How Doth the Simple Spelling-Bee Impruv Each Shining Ower

BY OWEN WISTER

Professor Dudelsacker

OF COURSE, I know not how it may be with you, but with me the mail brings daily a multitude of communications that I have not sought, and do not want; nor do I refer to bills alone; and so, when there came one day a printed card saying:

Why Heifer?

I tossed it into my waste-paper basket, and remembered it no more. Some days had passed, during which I had worked onward at the index of my forthcoming volume, when my memory was jogged by the arrival of a new absurdity:

Why not Heffer?

Like its predecessor, this card went at once into my basket. I had nearly finished the B's in my index before the mail brought the following:

It ought to be your custom now
To simplify, and spell plough plow;
Therefore write quickly on your cuff
From this day forth to spell tough tuff.
A third must follow these first tu,
So you will always spell through thru,
Nor in the midst of things leave off,
But joyfully now make cough coff.
By this time you must clearly noa
Dough can't be doe, do, dow, but doa.

My waste-paper basket now received another willing contribution. Complaints against the spelling of English I had heard here and there, and had read here and there, but I was too deeply immersed in completing the index of my forthcoming volume to spend thought upon this question; nor did I court interruption. Therefore, when presently the clue to these cards reached me in the following telegraphic message, just at the outset of my morning's work:

CHICKLE UNIVERSITY,
Arkansopolis.
October 6, 1906.

English spelling rotten to the core. Help us.

MASTICATOR B. FELLOWS.

I responded without hesitation:

Utterly prostrated by news. Helpless.

THOMAS GREENBERRY.

And thinking that thus I was rid of him, I proceeded quietly with the index of my forthcoming volume.

But Masticator B. Fellows, president and proprietor of Chickle University, had not done with me so easily. Since his street-boyhood, sixty years ago, this ardent personality ('tis thus the daily press describes him) had made his own way, and had his own way; he was his own capital, and there is no record of his ever having sunk a cent of it. Of habits strictly pure, he had never seen a card or a drop of liquor that he had touched, and he had never seen a dollar that he had not touched. He had organized every industry along his path, from paper-selling, boot-blacking, and so upward to his organized lobby at Washington, through which he had caused a heavy tariff to be put upon every commodity necessary to the American people. It was he who had advised his brother organizers to keep Religion on the free list, because, as he assured them, "if we tax it they'll do without it, while if we don't they'll trust us for a while yet." And now, at the age of seventy-five, with uncounted millions, and ten United States Senators, and a fourth young wife all in his pocket, he proposed to hand his name to Immortality by simplifying the spelling of English all over the earth.

But this he must do without my assistance; there were other professors, many of them. I did not permit the circulars that now began to pour in from Chickle University to distract me from my index. Striking as these circulars were—and I will instance but one of them:

Judge, budge, ridge, acknowledge
ARE SLOW.
Call in and try our Quick Spelling.
Juj. Buj. Rij. Aknolej.

They went into the basket one after another. To this method of suggestion a second was soon added, and my coat-pockets, as well as my mail, began to be filled with spelling literature. I would go out for a walk, and during this exercise some paper or pamphlet would be slipped into the coat, which I would discover upon my return. I remember pulling out a little book of verse, beginning:

I am only a primer to teach you to spel,
Which is something that nobody does very wel.
A sweet little primer,
A dear little primer,
Sing hel, bel, tel, fel, sel, nel, quel, swel and smel.

I felt, let me confess it, annoyed the next day on returning from my walk to find a new method of suggestion, in great charcoal letters, on the marble of my house-front:

Such nuisances as
Solemn Comptroller and
Wednesday
are preventing
THE KING OF SIAM
from learning English

Masticator B. Fellows

Nor was my annoyance decreased by the announcement on my house-front the day following:

MILLIONS OF SCHOOL
CHILDREN
turn away weeping from
PEOPLE MANŒUVRE
DIAPHRAGM

Much should be conceded to the man who is fighting for his Immortality, as was Masticator; but not too much. And displeasure, it may fairly be said, began to rise in me, when I found, next morning, a page of the primer introduced in the midst of my index:

Of the bad English spelling you'll surely beware,
When you notice how stair, pear and hare rhyme with there;
The sad English spelling,
The mad English spelling,
Sing hi! for the mare and the mayor and the prayer.

Next consider, for instance, a word like enhearsed:
Now what business has it to be rhyming with first?
Sing hi! the old spelling,
The horrible spelling,
The spelling of nursed and of versed and of worst.

But our simplified speling can cure every il,
And permits nothing foolish like two l's in pil.
Sing hi! the new speling,
Our comforting speling,
Sing pil, bil, fil, wil, til, sil, quil, spil and swil.

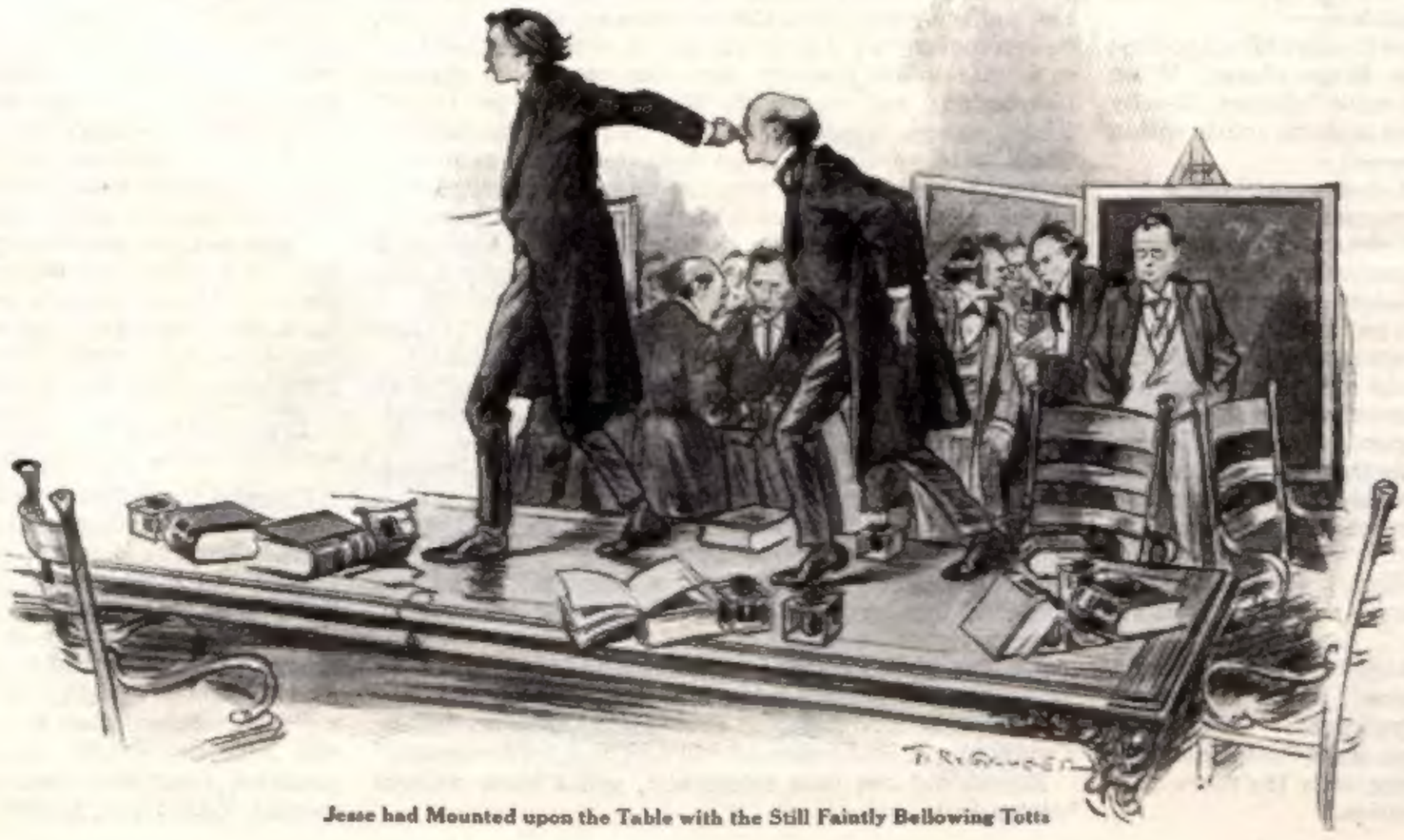
Yes, Masticator was going too far—and how had he managed to tamper with my index? I rang the bell, and questioned my man Edward sharply. He knew nothing of it, nor did the housemaid, whom I also questioned sharply. And I trusted I should be less harassed on the morrow.

But on the morrow, at breakfast, lifting with my fork the top buckwheat cake in order to spread butter upon the second, I found a leaflet between the two cakes, inscribed:

Phthisis.

How can you eat while a word like that is allowed?

I flung the cakes at my man Edward, and in five minutes I had dismissed every servant in the house. Quite unable to work, I left the house myself, and set out to take the air. Becoming gradually aware that a number of young persons were following me with loud and disconcerting expressions, I stepped into a shop where I am unknown, and where they at once offered



Jesse had Mounted upon the Table with the Still Faintly Bellowing Totts

to brush off my back. A double mirror showed me these words, chalked plainly:

He wants a
P
in Consumtion

Being now without servants I decided that I should be free from persecution in the luxurious wilderness of a great hotel. Upon getting into bed in my room in the twelfth story, a dreadful contact caused me to leap to the floor, where my foot dashed down upon some similar dreadfulness, and the shock threw me flat on my face and stomach, only to feel myself instantly plastered with more of the same odious and encasing substance. I believe that I shouted loudly in the dark for some time before hotel employees rushed to my succor; the door was burst open and the light turned on. It was fly-paper; and much time was consumed in relieving my person of it. Every piece bore its motto, such as:

If you'll but drop the e in pi
Better on stomach pi will li.

and also:

The b in lam
's not worth a dam.

and others.

As early as possible the next morning I sent a message of capitulation to Masticator B. Fellows.

What can I do for you?

was the message; and the reply came back:

Delighted you are with us.
Private car train twenty-one to-day.

The secretary of Masticator was at the steps of the car and presented me at once to a most lovely girl. At the news she was to serve on the Simplified Spelling Committee with me, my heart bounded, every doubt left me, and I exclaimed:

"I will spell just as you say."

"Then," she most sweetly returned, "never let us consent to any simplification of kiss." And I counted such answer a very happy omen.

She had come from a woman's college, and her work on the authorship of Shakespeare's plays had demonstrated, beyond refutation, that the plays had been written by Queen Elizabeth, in collaboration with Sir Walter Raleigh and Lady Jane Grey.

"Shall we be in Harrisburg soon, Mr. Kibosh?" she asked the secretary.

"It will be ten minutes after seven, Miss Appleby."

"And that is a whole three hours!" she cried, with no pleasure in her voice.

"Here is some good chickle," said Kibosh. And when she would take none, "Then I will," he said. "The private stock of Masticator B. Fellows. The public gets nothing like this."

He took a small object from the box that he held and put it into his mouth; and soon, while the train sped on, his large, long jaws were oscillating with a smooth motion, and content, like a lukewarm glaze, overspread his immense bald features.

Thus it came to me what chickle was. "Chewing-gum!" I exclaimed.

Kibosh opened gentle eyes upon me. "We do not use that word at Arkansopolis." He smiled, removed the plastic morsel from his mouth, and placed it on the window-sill, that he might speak to me without impediment.

"We always say chickle at Arkansopolis. We like that better. Masticator B. Fellows likes that better. When his genius bought up the small plants ——"

"Is there a chewing-gum trust, too?" asked Miss Appleby.

"Chickle, Miss Appleby, chickle, if you please. When Masticator's genius organized this noble industry, thereby placing a superior, pure, cheap and uniform article within the reach of eighty million jaws ——"

"But the whole nation does not chew gum!" the lovely girl again, with some spirit, interrupted.

"Chickle, Miss Appleby, if you please. Fifty per cent. of our population chickles, and that makes eighty million jaws. When the time came to—ahem—float the proposition, after the bonds, there was an issue of one billion preferred, and two billions of common stock. It did not seem fitting, Miss Appleby, it did not seem dignified, that Wall Street should bandy back and forth such an expression as—ahem—'chewing-gum common.' To the eye, such an expression printed in the financial columns would seem—would—in short, hence chickle, Miss Appleby, noun and verb. Never anything else at Arkansopolis. Will you not chickle now? No? Ah, well. But at least you are with us in the Higher Spelling." His hand sought the window-sill, and then his mouth; and his jaws resumed their placid oscillation.

Miss Appleby had gone out upon the broad rear platform of our car; and there, as she sat alone, I joined her, saying:

"Shall we talk of the Higher Spelling?"

But she seemed inclined for not much talk upon any subject; and the nearer Harrisburg drew the more difficult I found it to engage her attention.

"There is nothing to see," I assured her when, as our train entered the station, she left me with something almost like eagerness.

I did not get out during our somewhat long stop, being occupied in my private stateroom with unpacking and disposing my clothes for the journey. As we started again, I emerged to find Miss Appleby in bright conversation with a newcomer.

"Professor Jesse Willows," said Kibosh, "of Pawpaw University, Mountain Dew City." And as the extraordinarily handsome young man rose, quite six-feet-two, to greet me, Kibosh continued: "The professor's Dictionary of Deadly Weapons, as well as his great work on Bowie-Knives in the Stone Age, makes him a welcome member of our committee."

I felt, I know not why, less glad to see this Professor Willows than Miss Appleby seemed. His long black coat and black tie were fairly proper for a man of erudition; but his hat was soft and broad of brim, and his trousers were of brown corduroy, drawn over high boots.

"And what, sir," I asked him, "may your views be on the Higher Spelling?"

"Bless yore heart, suh," he gayly responded, "what's spellin' anyway? Just alphabet lettuhs fixed like some man chose to fix 'em befo' you an' me were bawn. An' so I say such a man's had his notions more'n long enough and it's high time we-all took a whirl at the dictionary."

"But derivation ——" I began.

"Bless yore heart, suh, what's derivation? Just conquest follo'd by mispronunciation. Julius Cæsuh he lambastes Gaul; and he talks Latin to 'em; he says '*honor*,' an' he goes home; an' the Gauls retain Cæsuh's idea, as all puffeck gennlemen should, but the nearest they kin git to the Latin is '*honneur*.' An' then, whoop they come

Totts and Egghorn Signing Their Respective Volumes

over to England, an' they lambaste the Anglo-Saxons, an' talk to 'em about '*honneur*.' An' the Anglo-Saxons, bein' also puffeck gennlemen, they ketches on to the idea, but be-Jeroosalemmed if they kin say it straight either; an' so it gits to be '*honour*.' An' then comes our glorious Revolution; an' we tell the English, 'Good-by to yo', King Geawge. Good-by to yore iniquitous parliament. Good-by to yore whole dog-goned outfit of tyrants and helots. We-all don' keer how you-all spell anything whatsoever, an' the language of Washington, an' Jeffuhson, an' Patrick Henry, an' all the glorious fathuhs of libuhty, is goin' to spell it *honor* without a u. An' there you are, back to yore original Latin."

"A noble sentiment, Professor," said Kibosh. "A truly noble sentiment. Will you not join me in a chickle?"

The professor bounded to his full, long height, with all the agility of the *felis catus* of his own wild, native mountains.

"I'm with you, suh!" he exclaimed. "Be-Jeroosalemmed if I wasn't pow'ful thirsty."

"Chickle is not liquid refreshment," said Kibosh mildly; and he held out the box to his tall guest.

The professor glared at it for a moment. "You and yore chickle," he then began, with alarming deliberation, "can go right ——"

A quick, girlish cough sounded behind him.

"——to my private cabin in this cyah," the professor continued, with no change in countenance or voice, "where I will join you, and where we will find liquid refreshment."

Kibosh did not dare refuse him, and I went without being asked.

"It's a glorious exercise, suh," said the professor to me, in the private cabin.

"In moderation, yes," I answered.

"May I inquiuh to what you-all are referrin'?" he asked haughtily.

"Why, to this," I answered, tapping my glass.

The professor grew more stiff. "I referred to simplifyin' the spellin' of our language," he said.

"A glorious exercise?" I repeated vaguely.

"Fo' the imagination, suh. Turn yore eye whah you will, you'll see words that need refawmin', words that need our help, words that cry an' clamuh to be relieved of the stigma of their congested and nonsensical appearance; nouns, adjectives, verbs, all stuck in the hopeless mud of antiquity, an' holdin' out their hands for we-all to drag 'em out an' bring 'em up to date." He now gave me a list. "Look, suh, at those pore, sufferin', aged cripples, awaitin' the renewal of their youth."

"You have a magnificent collection," I remarked to him, after a glance at the list.

"Pshaw!" he returned. "I could double that in an hour. I just jotted that down as I came up the valley from Pawpaw in the Chattanooga Limited. Why, just lookin' out of the cyah windo' would give me notions. I saw a thistle. Down she went on the list, an' down went whistle next her, suggested by our locomotive. Thistle. Whistle. Look at those disgraces. Look at the dead wood in 'em. Are not they just congested all up with pitfalls for the young? Once we get to work at Arkansopolis, and they'll be thissl and wissl, or my name is not Jesse Willows."

He paused, and I looked at his list again. The railway journey had given him a number of suggestions; I saw, in hasty writing:

Freight. That's dopy. Should be frate.
Bridge. Another has-been. Brij.

My perusal was interrupted by his seizing the list away from me. "The po'tuh has turned the gas higher," he said. "That gives me another whole big line of 'em." And he wrote:

Light should be lite. So also fight, and tight and others on same plan.

"Po'tuh!" he called out, "what is yore name?"

"Michael, Colonel," the man answered.

"Another!" exclaimed the professor. And he wrote:

Michael, Mycle, because cycle.
Bicicle because icicle.

I kept various doubts to myself, and resolved that such must continue my policy if I were ever to have peace; but, no matter how I might agree to spell bicycle, I was secretly determined never to address my younger brother as Mycle. Imagine thus mutilating a name that had been in our family for generations!

Professor Willows showed his list to Miss Appleby; I saw him, and I saw her evidently add some words to it. But, to my surprise, this seemed to cause them mirth. They did not seek my company, and conversed together without ceasing, in a corner of our car, while Kibosh slumbered; and I wondered if the Higher Spelling was the subject that brought their heads so close to each other.

That girl was more and more a disappointment to me; and I retired in no very good humor.

Mycle was not the only word to which, as I dressed myself next morning, I found my opinion to be entirely adverse; frate seemed to me objectionable, nor did I feel any leanings toward brij and lite. And the surprising readiness with which Professor Willows accepted my criticism failed to make upon me the happy impression which the adoption of one's views by another is apt to cause.

"You don't like frate, suh?" he said, whipping out his pencil, and quickly writing on his list. "Bless yore heart, then we'll just make it frait. How does that hit yore fancy?"

I thanked him for his amiability, but my fancy was as little hit by frait as it had been by frate; and it was still less hit when he came to me with his customary enthusiasm some twenty-five minutes after breakfast, to show me forty-three more words that he had simplified since rising from table. Still keeping all thoughts to myself, I read:

Earth and dearth to irth and dirth, like mirth. Also worth to wirth. Pheasants whirr. Cats should pirr.

I passed the list back with I know not what commendations of his rapidity. He retired with it to the rear platform, where sat Miss Appleby; and almost immediately I heard egregious peals of laughter coming from them both. This, for some reason, kindled in me such annoyance that I put my head out of the door and cried loudly to them: "Do you intend to make flirt flurt, or hurt hirt? And how about squirt?" And I shut the door sharp upon my words before they could make answer to me. But still, even through the closed door and thick plate-glass windows, their shameless merriment reached me, and seemed, if anything, louder than ever.

The outlook for the Higher Spelling was scarce a bright one, I thought, if the rest of my colleagues, whom I had yet to meet, should approach their solemn responsibilities in anything of the spirit shown by Professor Willows and Miss Appleby. His facile adoption of a new spelling, and equally facile relinquishment of it, gave but poor evidence of any deep thought on this matter; and to see him through the plate-glass as he talked to her on the rear platform, no one would easily be persuaded that spelling was the subject of their colloquy; and lastly, when he fetched a large shawl and hung it across the window outside, so that they were wholly screened from view, I found it no light effort to believe that it was to shield her from the cold blast, as he informed me.

I sought (without great eagerness) the companionship of Kibosh. "Do you not fear," I asked him, "that we may not find ourselves able to reach an agreement as to the system by which this respelling should proceed?"

"What would hinder it?" Kibosh inquired of me.

"Some of us might not care to cut wholly loose from England," I answered.

"England will have to follow us!" he declared.

"If you'll watch England," I said, "I think you'll find she has her own ideas about that."

"Then our publishers and writers will ignore England," he replied.

"If you'll watch our publishers and writers," I again said, "you'll see they'll be slow to let go their English market by making books that would be illegible throughout the British Empire."

"What are authors, anyhow?" he demanded. "It is our business men who are our glory."

"If you'll watch our business men," I repeated, "you'll find they have London correspondents, and they'll not care to run two sorts of spelling with their stenographers."

Kibosh thought a while, and then, with his gentle smile, he again removed his chickle and placed it on the window-sill.

"But, nevertheless, Masticator will have gained his point," he said.

"Scarcely so, if a system fails us, and we do nothing," I suggested.

He seemed not to hear me. "And all of the committee, every member, will have gained the point as well."

"You'll pardon me, but what is the point?" I now asked him.

"And the English language," he continued more and more gently, "it will have gained the point, too."

"I must confess," I said, "to utter ignorance of your meaning."

Kibosh smiled for a long while, looking at me very kindly.

"You will readily appreciate," he at length began, "that the greatest need of mankind is Publicity. It is as essential to the German Emperor as it is to the female society leader, or the trick mule. We are no exceptions, we leaders of thought, and teachers of youth, and captains of industry; we, too, must have Publicity or—ahem—pass under. And as the demand for Publicity increases, the supply of it naturally diminishes. You understand that? Well, now, any association with Masticator B. Fellows means Publicity at once for the lucky individual. But there are times when the vast sweep of economic currents ties up all the available Publicity, and at those times great enterprises languish from its scarcity. It may befall that even such giant operators as Masticator B. Fellows find themselves embarrassed. It is then only the man of genius whose magic hand can smite the rock in some novel way, and cause Publicity again to gush forth fresh and sparkling—it is then only he who is heard from. There has been such a time of late. Publicity was tied up, and Masticator needed some for his—for certain plans he has to benefit the human race. Now, what does Masticator do? He surveys the general situation, he thinks it over, and presently he says 'Spelling Reform.' He smites the rock, and there you have it. You understand me? Well, supposing you gentlemen do fail to—ahem—make any considerable impression upon the English language, you will have made a considerable impression on the public; the rock will have gushed; Masticator's point will be gained. He will have secured the Publicity he needs for his—his benevolent enterprises; each of you gentlemen will have secured Publicity for your names and works; and we mustn't forget the English language. It will have got Publicity, too; it needs it, like all the rest of us. I'm sure you understand me."

"Flung the Cakes at My Man Edward"

Thus Kibosh finished, and it entered my mind to descend at our next stop, and take the first train back to my own place; but this thought I quickly dismissed, remembering Masticator's methods of reaching those whom he wanted. And (although I know this is unworthy) I was become very curious to see what we should all do, once we were gathered together. Were all the rest of my colleagues coming for Publicity? I glanced at the window, where the shawl still screened Professor Willows and Miss Appleby, and it seemed to me that they had come rather for Privacy.

"Who are the rest of my colleagues?" I now asked Kibosh.

"Well, now, I'm afraid you've got me," he responded. "There's—let me see—Professor Flawless Nathaniel Maverick, of Fishball University, Massachusetts. He is with us. A profound scholar, sir."

"What is his line?" I asked.

"Well, now, that's another tough one. Let us see. Did he write The Fuel of the Future?"

I shook my head, being ignorant.

"Or was it The Mustard-Plaster in Pharaoh's Time?" Kibosh dreamily pursued.

"What is the fuel of the future?" I asked.

"Pecan nuts. I am certain of that," answered Kibosh. "But whether he's that one, or whether it's Lysander Totts ——"

"Who is Lysander Totts?" I inquired.

"Another profound scholar, sir. Of Numa Pompilius University, New York. But we've got them from all around—from Seminole, Florida; Oglethorpe, Georgia; Lafitte, Louisiana; Sandys, Virginia; Graftsburg, Pennsylvania—but you'll meet them to-morrow at Chickle University. All profound scholars, sir. It was Totts, come to think of it."

"Think of what?" I asked.

"Pecan nuts," said Kibosh.

I should have been glad to learn the names of all my colleagues, and what they had written, that I might be the better prepared to meet them; but Kibosh could be sure only of Totts and his book; and Professor Willows and Miss Appleby had not heard even of Totts, when I asked them at lunch to enlighten me.

"What mattuh, suh?" cried Willows cheerily. "They'll tell you quick enough themselves why they're so famous."

At this remark Miss Appleby broke into much gayety.

"Got many words this mawnin', Professuh?" asked Willows of me; and I retorted, with what should have been telling reproof, that I was not of those who can improvise thorough work.

It was extraordinary how much this young man's remarks pleased Miss Appleby. He was but a poor companion for the lovely girl; and when, after lunch, he retired to slumber in his cabin (as he called it) I took my seat beside her on the rear platform. She was most amiable, but bade me first take down the shawl behind us. The cold blasts, she said, had ceased. We talked for some time, and it was easy to see that, under proper guidance, her mind would open to all befitting things. Not until Professor Willows came out of his cabin and joined us did I feel her grow distant again. Without preliminary, he asked: "What does a man who sits down on a sharp needle most resemble?" And, without waiting, he answered: "A profane upstart."

Into such levity I could not possibly enter; I resolved to wait the morrow, and the succeeding days of our convention at Chickle University, for opportunities to exert upon this impressionable young girl my wholesome influence.

We reached our destination during the forenoon of the next day, and I was amazed when I beheld, spreading out before me, the vast institution where we were to hold our sittings. Chickle University covered, with its grounds and buildings, four square miles. Swift electric cars ran everywhere by routes so well planned that less than four minutes were consumed between the two most distant points. The several thousand buildings were of a uniform pattern, but lettered on the outside, so as easily to be distinguished: House of Latin, House of Chiropody, House of Marriage and Divorce, and so forth. Everything was taught here, and had its separate house; and the courses of instruction were named on a plan as uniform as the buildings: Get French Quick, Get Religion Quick, Get Football Quick, and so forth. The University was open to both sexes. I saw great crowds of young men and women trying to push their way into the House of Marriage and Divorce; and Kibosh informed me that this course was the second in popularity, and in such active demand that a corps of ninety-six instructors was kept lecturing continuously day and night. The football course had overflowed its own building so copiously that it was also filling the houses of Latin, Greek, Music, History and Literature.

"And what do those students do?" I inquired.

"There have been none," he answered. "We have accommodations for two million students; but if this spelling reform fails to prove the—ahem—you'll remember what we said about rock-smiting, Mr. Greenberry—fails to prove the—er—attraction that Masticator anticipates, any idle houses in this University plant can be readily turned into the Chickle plant, which adjoins it."

I asked him, would they not meet great difficulty in finding professors for two million students?

"Professors are our lightest expense," he replied. "We can always get them for next to nothing."

So saying, Kibosh led us to the library; and here were some gentlemen assembled whose appearance clearly proclaimed them to be profound scholars, and who were to be of our spelling committee. While Kibosh made us known to each other, and we exchanged our formal greetings, the eye of each scholar sought the eye of every other scholar with that thirsty look an author wears, when the hope for compliments upon his writings flutters in his breast. But we were true professors, all of us, and not one had read a word that any of the others had ever written.

Deceit should always be discouraged, nay, firmly punished, in the young; for by reason of their immaturity they have but little judgment when to practice it; but to the old it is frequently of the greatest service. Intending, therefore, to be as agreeable as possible, I approached Professor Lysander Totts with a feigned knowledge of his work. Shaking him cordially by the hand, I said: "Ah, yes; Pecan Nuts!"

"What?" he replied, staring.

"Why, Pecan Nuts!" I repeated. "Let me congratulate ——"

"My name is Totts," he interrupted.

"To be sure!" I exclaimed. "Who has not read The Fuel of the Future?"

"I haven't," said Totts.

I corrected myself hastily. "What an absurd slip of the tongue!" I gayly ejaculated. "I meant Mustard-Plasters in Pharoah's Time."

"I haven't read that, either," said Totts.

I should now have been at some loss, but a plaintive voice behind me said: "Hup, hup, hup, hup!"

I turned, and saw a smiling little old man, with delicate silver locks that hung well-nigh to his collar.

"Hup, hup," said he again, amiably.

"Hup, Hup, Hup!"

I turned back to Totts in bewilderment.

"He stutters," Totts explained.

The voice behind me now said with a sudden sort of explosion: "I wrote it."

I turned again, and, catching both his hands as a drowning man is said to catch a straw, I wrung them earnestly and long. "A great work!" I called out to him, as if he were deaf. "A very great work!" And not well knowing what I did, I further shouted to Miss Appleby, who was passing us: "He wrote it! Pecan Nuts!"

"Hup, hup," said the little man. "Mustard-Plasters."

Little as I owe Miss Appleby, I must always hold her memory in gratitude for her coming forward at this extreme moment.

"Of course it is Mustard Plasters!" she said with delightful sweetness; "and you must write your name in my copy, dear Professor Egghorn."

He extended an eager hand for the volume.

"It is in my trunk," she continued promptly; "and your signature will make a unique gem of what is already a precious treasure. And you, dear Professor Totts, when I am unpacked, you will surely not refuse me the same honor? Professor Totts, you know," she added to me, "has proved that Cleopatra was a man."

"Then who wrote Pecan Nuts?" I whispered to her hastily.

"He hasn't come yet," she hastily whispered back.

"I am sure," said Kibosh, leading a tall new arrival among us, "that Professor Camillo Cottsill needs no introduction here. We all welcome the man who has said the last word on—the last word on—on—well, now, really, it escapes me, Professor," he finished, turning his wide, gentle smile upon the newcomer, who glared at him angrily, and announced with unnecessary loudness:

"Nostalgia in the Lobster."

"Thank you, Professor," said Kibosh; "thank you kindly. I think lunch is now awaiting us in the House of Bread."

After brief preparation in the rooms assigned to us, we lunched with the students; and, as I passed down the hall, I saw Totts and Egghorn signing their respective volumes for Miss Appleby.

"So quickly unpacked?" I asked her.

"Dear, no!" she returned. "Professor Willows easily bought them for me at the University Book Shop."

"I have but one complaint against your exquisite deceit," I said to her. "Why did you leave me out?"

"Ah!" she said, "who could deceive you?"

I strove, but unsuccessfully, to occupy a seat beside her at table; it was Jesse Willows who got it, the other being taken by Egghorn, while Totts placed himself opposite. Napoleon preferred men with great noses, but that of Totts would have pleased him too well, I think; and Totts blew it continually. It was my hope that supper, or dinner, or whatever they called the next meal, would not be served with the distressing rapidity of this one; one had barely the time to swallow, and the food went whole down one's throat; but the next meal, and all meals, were the same, and, had our convention lasted longer than it did, I should have fallen victim to a grave dyspepsia. This, I learned, was another instance of the vast genius of Masticator B. Fellows: while educating his students, he created in them the need for the product of his own monopoly. He gave them no time to chew at their meals, and chickle was served free in all the houses. For chewing, at some time or other, is necessary to digestion, and among the thousands at Chickle University I saw not one anywhere, boy or girl, whose mouth was not going like a slow rabbit's; and, to judge from the universal oscillatory motion of the jaws of the American people in trains and all public places, I see they are learning that great economic principle of Masticator's, which is announced everywhere in the street cars:

TIME IS MONEY

He who chickles
Saves his nickles.

This great man allowed us at length to see him next morning, when we assembled to begin our work. We sat round an imposing table some twenty strong—for all the profound scholars were now arrived—and in front of each scholar, on the ample green baize table-cover, was a great dictionary, with a great glass inkstand and writing materials. Tall blackboards stood behind us, waiting to receive the words we should reform; but the best of it was to find myself sitting next Miss Appleby, with Willows quite an agreeable distance away. Kibosh had arranged all our seats, and it is the best thing I know of him.

When Masticator B. Fellows entered to open our conventon, it was plain at once whence Kibosh had acquired his manner and his appearance—so far as he could acquire this latter: the secretary might have been an early, bad photograph of the magnate. To see Masticator, he was the creature of brotherly love, the preacher of benign gospels, the teacher of female academies; no smell of Senate or Syndicate hung about him. Bald, with a silken skull-cap, bland, with his ten pointed fingers meeting as if to bless, with a sunrise smile, and a black coat as long and unlovely as conscious virtue, he stood before us in benevolent silence, and we rose as one scholar. But at once he motioned us to sit down.

"I think there's a dollar-sign in his jaw," whispered Miss Appleby to me.

Already Masticator was addressing us, slowly and softly.

"Dear friends," he said, "be welcome. I am worth two hundred and forty-five millions. Thank God that you are not. Thank God that you are poor. Thank God for your scanty meals and clothing, and your ceaseless failure to make both ends meet. Pray God you may die poor. How I envy you all your blessed privilege of struggle! Thank God, and now to business.

"Everything is getting better. Man is getting better. Woman is getting better. Life, Liberty, Happiness—all getting better. And chickle. Better and better. Then why not English Spelling? Dear friends, I expect results from you. Let us sing the Ode."

A gasoline organ began to play at the end of the apartment, and we profound scholars stood up and sang together:

My spelling 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of spelling-bee,
Of thee I sing.
Land of my pilgrims' pride,
Land where my fathers dide,
For spelling simplifide
Let freedom ring.

"A beautiful pome," said Lysander Totts, on my other side.

"Where were you educated?" I asked him.

"Surracuse, Noo Yorruk," he responded; and he blew his large nose.

"And now, dear friends," Masticator was saying, "I leave you. Remember the poor foreigners, remember the little children. It is for them that the English language

"Chickle is Not Liquid Refreshment"

exists; and for them we must, therefore, smooth our spelling's cruel path. I expect results, dear friends." So saying, he was gone.

"Yes, there is a dollar-sign in his jaw," repeated Miss Appleby.

"Suggestions are now in order," said Kibosh, taking the chairman's seat.

Three profound scholars stood up. "The only way ——" they began with one voice.

"Professor Flawless Nathan Maverick has the floor," said Kibosh. "I presume the Professor will think no change in pecan nuts necessary." And the chairman smiled sociably at the scholar.

"The only way," said Maverick, "is to abolish all words that foreigners cannot spell."

"You mean cut 'em out of the language, suh?" inquired Jesse Willows.

"I do."

"Phew!" whistled Willows.

"Order, gentlemen," smiled the chairman. "Professor Camillo Cottsill has the floor."

"The only way," said this scholar, "is to abolish all words that children cannot spell."

"Phew!" repeated Willows.

"Order, gentlemen, please," said the chairman, gently tapping an inkstand with a pencil. But he was not heeded.

"Who are you whistling at?" demanded Camillo Cottsill.

"Can't yore children spell?" retorted Willows.

"Can yours?" shouted Cottsill.

At this Jesse Willows blushed a deep red, and so did Miss Appleby.

"He is not married, Professor," said Kibosh, tapping the inkstand soothingly.

"My little daughter Zola B. can spell everything," said Maverick.

"How about the others?" demanded Cottsill.

"My salary only affords me one," stated Maverick with resignation.

"Then how can you judge?" said Cottsill. "Receive, and believe, and bereave should be cut out at once."

"They should not," said Maverick.

"Oh, cut everything out," sighed Willows.

"Hup, hup, hup, hup," began Professor Egghorn.

"The author of Mustard-Plasters has the floor," said Kibosh with civility.

"The only way," continued Egghorn, "is to hup, hup, hup."

"Start the organ, please," said Kibosh to an assistant; and while the gasoline music played "My spelling 'tis of thee," Kibosh walked around the table and gave every one an individual box of chickle. We chewed in silence, waiting for the voice of Professor Egghorn to go again.

"Hup, hup," said he at length; "phonetic."

"I object!" Cottsill and Maverick called out loudly together.

"I move it's phonetic," said Totts.

"Second the hup, hup," said Egghorn.

"Those in favor ——" Kibosh began.

"That's not properly seconded," interrupted Cottsill.

"Motion!" finished Egghorn with a shriek. And we carried phonetic by eighteen to two.

"Since Professor Egghorn has shown us the only way," said Kibosh, "will he not kindly lead off with his suggestions for a reform list?"

But once again the professor's utterance was transfixed.

"Give the pore gennleman a piece of chalk," said Willows, "and send him to the blackboa'd."

With the blackboard we now made visible progress. Consent was undivided upon a number of words, and some old spelling passed away in peace. The letter u disappeared from honour and favour, although I overheard Miss Appleby saying to herself that she intended to retain it in all her private correspondence. The k was kicked out of Frederic.

("There's nothing new about that, either," said Miss Appleby in a whisper.)

"But I shall not permit any such liberty to be taken with my own name," said Professor Maverick firmly; and this was conceded to him, Professor Totts objecting.

"We shall never reach consistency at this rate," grumbled Lysander Totts.

"Who came here to be consistent?" retorted Maverick.

"We came here for spelling reform," added Camillo Cottsill.

("Good gracious!" said Miss Appleby, under her breath.)

Presently it was the letter h that occupied us; and old honour now became onor (some were for oner, but gave in), followed by erb, our and umor.

"What's that?" demanded Totts, pointing to our.

"Time of day," answered Maverick. "Sixty minutes make one our."

"Then nobody can tell it from our cat, our cow," said Professor Totts.

"We can't help that," said Maverick.

"We're only here for simplification," Cottsill said again.

("Good gracious!" repeated Miss Appleby.)

"Make it ower," suggested Cottsill; and this was done.

"Make it minits, too," said Totts; and this was done.

"Make it sekonds," said Maverick; and this was done.

Cottsill turned to Egghorn at the blackboard. "Add eir, umble, otel and istorical," said he.

"No, he sha'n't!" cried Totts fiercely.

"Are we phonetic or not?" demanded Cottsill, turning on him.

("You're a pack of geese," said Miss Appleby.)

"I never said umble in my life!" shouted Totts.

"I reckon he don't use the aixpression," said Willows.

"And if istorical is adopted I'll resign now," Totts continued.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" protested Kibosh.

"I move those last h's be laid on the table," said Maverick; and this was done.

"Past participles," Egghorn now wrote on the blackboard. "Blest, expreast, dro ——"

"What are you going to do with rest?" interrupted Totts.

"And test?" said some one down the table.

"And nest?" another called out.

"Can't you let him finish?" said Cottsill. And Egghorn continued: "Dropt, stopt, spilt, kilt, and so forth."

("Kilt!" whispered Miss Appleby. "Oh, dear!")

"Rattlet will look funny," observed some one.

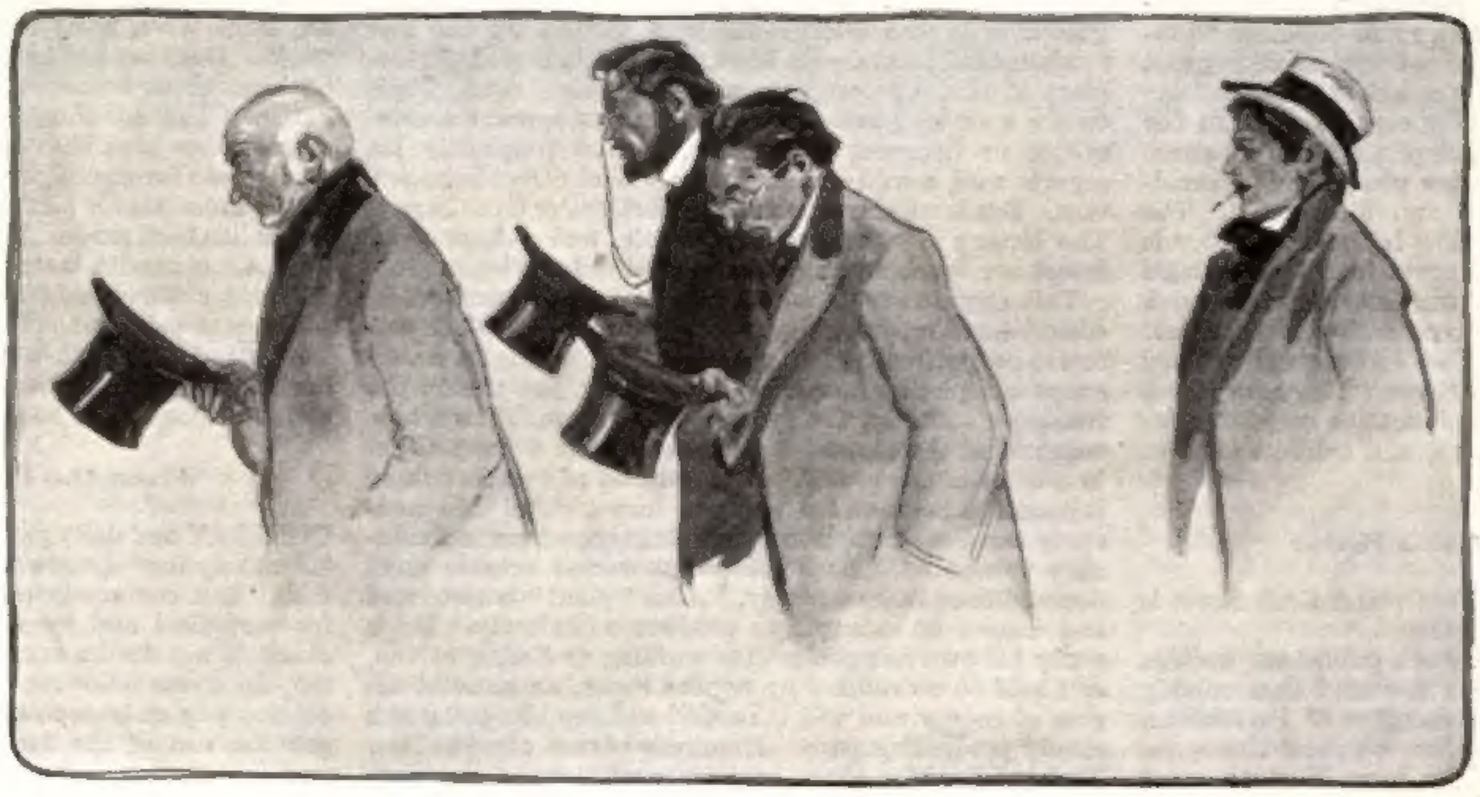
"So will mart and wart," remarked Willows.

(Continued on Page 28)

IN GREATER GRUB STREET

The Host of Writers To-day Who Find a Ready Market for Their Wares and Receive Prompt Pay

By JAS. H. COLLINS



ONE afternoon a young man draped in a long raincoat, wearing eyeglasses, untrimmed hair and a calm poise, walked through Union Square and went to the top of a building where a well-known magazine is published. On his way along Fourth Avenue he had stopped at an old bookshop and bought a pamphlet—a cheap reprint of some scientific work, dirty, tattered, price five cents. Rolled under his arm it looked weighty and important—even clean.

He went into the magazine editor's outer office. There were other young men waiting—raincoats, eyeglasses, untrimmed hair, calm poises. There were young women with raincoats, and sensitive, intelligent faces not common in the streets. There was an elderly man in a raincoat of the last generation, with a cape, who had a bundle that might have been poetry. There was an elderly lady whose sensitive, intelligent face, softened and sweetened by years, was framed in ringlets coeval with the poet's raincoat—she had a portfolio that might contain drawings.

The last arrival wanted to see the editor. What about? asked the office boy skeptically. Had he an appointment? No, but he had an idea. The office boy became less skeptical. Word was sent in to the editor. After a time the young man was admitted.

He had hardly opened the door before an anxious editorial eye lit on the rolled pamphlet, ignoring his face.

"Is that IT?" asked the editor expectantly.

No, said the young man, it wasn't. Immediately the editorial eye went off into vacancy. The visitor unfolded his idea and was told that it seemed out of their line, and why: then was thanked, and pressed to come again whenever he had another. The editorial eye was drawn back almost hypnotically to the pamphlet, and stayed on it till the visitor went out.

This young man went north, calling on other editors. His pamphlet was always the first thing they saw, and each wanted to know if that was IT. Assured that it wasn't, they bore up bravely. But it took fortitude. Finally the young man saw that his five-cent pamphlet was competing in a ruinous way with his idea. So he hid it under his raincoat, and in the next office got a commission to work out what he had come to sell.

This final call found him some distance north of Madison Square. He had been east as far as Third Avenue, and west a little beyond Fifth Avenue. The large segment of New York covered had many trades and industries. But, following the young man, one would have concluded that editing and publishing was chief of them all.

In the Atmosphere of Printers' Ink

BOOKS were piled in the shops. Signs bore names identified with books and periodicals. As you came out of an office building the warning "Y-o!" rang from an areaway and a truck rolled forth, the driver high aloft on stacks of fresh magazines bound for the news-stands. From the street another driver cursed him, perched on a load of stale magazines coming back unsold. Job presses repeated their "clank-clank-clank"; cylinder presses throbbed their "click-thump—click-thump—click-thump"; the delicately-adjusted modern rotaries responded to the lever with their soft-spoken, ceaseless "Whir-r-r-r-r-r," and, if you wanted to print faster still, there were great newspaper rotaries rising, deck on deck. Upstairs you went past doors behind which linotypes chittered. There was always ink in the air, but not the crude newspaper ink of Park Row—real *book* ink, wafted subtly among the desiccated palms and mission furniture of publishers' offices.

But what was this *it* that editors all hoped the young man had? They didn't know. He didn't.

It is not, for it is yet to be. *It* is the unembodied thought, the unpublished idea, the long-sought thing in manuscript or picture—"unconditioned possibility." *It* means something different to each editor. To Flasher's Weekly a new series of exposures would be red meat. A fresh twist in a sonnet would set scholarly blood tingling in the office of the Sempiternal Monthly. Up in "Harmony Square," where the song publishers are, another Banks of the Wabash. Still farther north, among the play agents, a second Music Master.

Every Editor on the Lookout

OUR young man has been going the rounds of New York's Grub Street.

Who was he? No matter—he said he had an idea. A stranger? The editors would look him over. Seedy? He might be the latest explorer from Lhasa. Or, perhaps, they have long known him as an unavailable. Well, he said he had an idea. He may have hatched *it* out at last. As well he as another. *It* is capricious, and lights anywhere, and the very thought that anybody may be blundering around this district with it in his pocket is a temptation to all editors. Only one wanderer, so far as is known, ever got away before they could appraise him. That was Robert Louis Stevenson, and how he did it is still a reproach and a matter of dispute.

Any editor is likely to be color-blind when it comes along. Every editor knows and admits as much, and this lends just so much more interest to the search. But about the persistent demand for it there can be no doubt. The actor, selling his talent, has to break down stone walls of managerial conservatism. The painter starves while millionaires collect bogus old masters. Singers, musicians and composers study years abroad, and then return to compete with Europeans, and against a critical indifference that is solidly organized. But the newcomer in the publishing district finds a candle in every window.

This is why:

Of a hundred leading monthly magazines now published in the United States, fully eighty per cent. are issued from New York. Of a dozen leading weekly magazines, only one is published elsewhere. These leaders have, roughly, a monthly circulation of twenty million copies. Ten years ago less than one-third of them existed at all, and perhaps only a dozen in their present form. Circulations were comparatively small, where now a single periodical sometimes passes the million mark. New ones are launched monthly, and the vast reading public that has strangely come into existence the past ten years seems never to have enough. In this same decade the big Sunday supplement was developed, the syndicate perfected, the daily carried to every farm.

It is a slim magazine that doesn't print at least half a dozen short stories and half as many articles each issue, with verse, jokes, pictures and literary tinware. So about fifteen hundred stories and one thousand articles must be written and illustrated monthly for the leaders alone, with several hundred serials a year. On top of this come the Sunday newspapers, the syndicates, the trade and class publications. On top of that, the advertising in them all. There are book publishers who want everything from novels to textbooks and encyclopædias. There are music publishers and theatres to be taken care of in this district, and, after all these have been satisfied, populous little cities and villages of workers, scattered over Manhattan Island, are busy designing textiles, wallpaper, furnishings, jewelry; working in enamels, precious metals, pottery, glass; painting everything required by society from a dinner-card to a fan or gown.

Originally Grub Street was a short thoroughfare in London inhabited by hack writers. It is now in the business heart of the city, and the homely name was long ago changed to Milton Street.

New York's Greater Grub Street covers several square miles in its entirety, and supports an army of free-lance writers and artists to which old Grub Street's squalid colony would have been but a provost guard. Since the day, a hundred years ago, when Irving brought out his Salmagundi, it has had a tangible existence. But during the past ten years its growth has been remarkable, not only in size, but in influence. The latter is most significant. No one has yet taken a census of the workers in Greater Grub Street; but their influence is manifest.

This industry and its workers are widely scattered. The actor has his Rialto. Finance has its Broad Street. Coffee, drugs, leather and paint are segregated in districts, each with its own odors. But publishers and free-lance workers are tucked away all over Manhattan, from the Battery to Grand Central Station. One might work years in the heart of Greater Grub Street and never realize what an immense community it is. Here a writer is met, there an artist. Models come to your door occasionally. But while you thus catch a glimpse of your own field, around the corner is another field as big, that might be in Timbuctoo for all one sees of it. You write or draw comics. Around the corner they are making brasswork or bric-à-brac for Society. You make three thousand dollars a year writing for the Sunday papers. Around the corner some other writer makes ten thousand dollars, yet his work reaches the public through channels so obscure that his name is unknown.

Real Workers Not on Exhibition

THERE is an imitation artistic and Bohemian life on exhibition at certain cafés. Visitors from out of town take it in with the Rialto and the Chinese theatre. But this is a regularly-dramatized Bohemia, with stated hours for performances. Real workers, living in old studios at the tops of ramshackle buildings, despise it. The artist who draws magazine covers lives so far from Hungarian cafés that even an editor has to have a password to find him. Occasionally a lion emerges for exhibition or to lecture. But Greater Grub Street, as a whole, labors in profound silence, and is the element least in evidence in the gay New York crowd. The whole town seems to conspire to preserve this solitude of the multitude. If any one in New York reads deeper than the "Wuxtras" it is not apparent. Your article or picture appears, but makes no stir. The clipping bureau takes an interest in your career at five dollars per hundred clippings, but the workers you meet haven't seen your stuff, and don't expect you to be interested in theirs. Only when one goes out of town does it appear that people actually read all this mass of paper and ink, but until then the whole industry often savors of a gigantic joke.

Greater Grub Street entertains, depicts, supervises. Its field is not confined to New York, but national, world-wide. The cry is always for more—more! No matter how the colony grows, demand is never outrun. It is a nice little speculation to imagine what a literary organizer like the elder Dumas would have done in such a market.

In entertainment Greater Grub Street furnishes any form of fiction you wish—except the best. The politely snobbish society story, the New England or any other dialect, domestic or foreign, the pathetic tale of peasant life in Italy, the crude shilling shocker that Mr. Chesterton says is a daily necessity and staple of existence. Illustrators take the historical story or article of any period you please (except to-day) and clothe it from their collections of old armor and costume. Photographers read a manuscript and go to the streets, libraries and museums to repeat the text in pictures. In the work of depicting and instructing Greater Grub Street ransacks the myriad activities of the metropolis, covering everything from the new Croton dam to the Sandy Hook pilots, and from street incident to court dramas. Countless phases and personalities are brought to the surface and illuminated. The landing of 12,000 emigrants at Ellis Island in one day is dealt with in a three-column article in this morning's newspaper, and to-morrow an eminent essayist and a newly-arrived French illustrator cover the same subject in a wholly different manner. Two Italians fight a duel in the caissons under the East River. The newspapers cover this as news, and then the magazine corps invades with notebook, pencil and camera, and exhibits all that life out there under the waters.

The Free-Lance as a Power

BUT in its capacity as supervisor Greater Grub Street is even more active and important.

When young Samuel Johnson was a publishers' hack in the original Grub Street, English law said that nobody must presume to report the proceedings of Parliament. Young Johnson did report them, however, and this series in the Gentleman's Magazine may have been the first sensational series. It certainly broke down the law, and inaugurated that supervision over Power and Authority that has since become the free-lance's perquisite.

Wall Street is Power in New York. But Greater Grub Street supervises it. Washington is Authority, but not as mighty as Greater Grub Street. Commerce, foreign diplomacy and municipal affairs come under its all-seeing eye. Until something unusual happens our public accepts the reports of the regular, salaried, news-gathering organizations. But is there a suspicion of graft or corporate wrongdoing? Is Wall Street about to cut a melon? or has Washington mismanaged something? Then the free-lance is wanted. He comes fresh to the matter. He brings impartiality and individuality. He makes attractive reading of dry official details, sees simply, puts the little by-questions in the background and throws up the few fundamental points. He knows not the balanced phraseology of official proceedings, and so is widely read. He is on the spot long before the stockholders appoint a committee or Congress a commission, and frequently his reports work a wild sort of justice. Wall Street is important. But it wields no such power as Greater Grub Street. The latter's reports are usually fair, and neither Wall Street nor Washington questions their effectiveness.

This community has hundreds of salaried workers in editorial and reportorial positions. But as a whole it prefers to be footfree, having no connections, selling its manuscript and picture now here, now there. The greater the free-lance's ability, the greater his freedom. The whole economy of the community comes down to a competition in quality of work, and in competition of this sort there is bound to be room for a man to turn around. No monopoly can be set up, nor any favoritism, where individuality is wanted. Each successful worker creates more demand than he can supply, for his "plant" is restricted and cannot be enlarged to produce unlimitedly. He is really his own competitor, for working or loafing at will, and held to no routine by regular hours, an unusual degree of energy and will is needed to keep him going at a steady productive pace. Hundreds of men come to New York and, under these peculiar conditions of working, procrastinate, rust, decay and disappear. Fate is busy among the successful and the unsuccessful alike, weeding out with dissipation, sloth and the vanity of past achievement. She douses hundreds of the little lights thus every year, and many of marked brilliance. So there is always room up among the leaders.

The early stages of a career in this community are nearly always hard and precarious, because it takes time to learn the market. Everything up to a certain low standard may be sold, but the vital trick is to know where to sell it, and payment is often slow. Yet year after year men and women rise from mere board wages to comparative comfort, and from that sometimes go on to fine town houses, a country house and an ample social life, paid for out of royalties. The rewards of Greater Grub Street are not large when measured against those of the business world. But they are higher than the average in the professions. Pure science will not bring the income of pure fiction. The advantage is usually with the man who draws rather than the one who writes. Pictures are commonly paid for at a higher rate, and artists frequently get fat commissions for portraits and other work after a reputation has been made. But the writer has his royalties.

This community receives its income from a good many different channels and according to a hundred different schemes of payment. For the newcomer there is usually a streak of fat and then three streaks of lean. Even if he has high ability his first year in Greater Grub Street will be more congenial if he brings along a reserve fund.

When the Purse-Strings Open

SUNDAY and daily papers have weekly pay-days, when money for "space work" is handed over the counter in cash. But commonly payment is in the form of checks for periodical and syndicate work, and frequently the check is not forthcoming until after publication, which may be a year following acceptance. But first-rate publications pay on acceptance, and, after the free-lance has got the run of the market, he turns up unlooked-for

(Concluded on Page 31)

RAISING THE BOY

How Farming is Taught to the New Generation

By Joseph Medill Patterson

TO-DAY the man who teaches Sapphic verse stands higher in the social scale than the man who teaches how to resist hog cholera, although the teacher of Sapphic verse does much harm in the world by wasting time, while the teacher opposing hog cholera spreads broadcast an information of primary value to human-kind.

The teacher for whom college youths cram the birth and death dates of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, as well as the brief ability to "name two plays by each," holds himself a better educated man than he who teaches a State to choose good seed-corn.

In England only the sons of gentlemen can afford the time for a university education—hence the British universities provide educations suited for gentlemen—an English gentleman is supposed to be elegant but not useful. The ability to read Horace at sight is useless and elegant. So British universities build their system around it and cognate accomplishments.

In America those who want to resemble English gentlemen take the academic course at college. Those who aim at a middle-class career enter the scientific, medical or law schools.

But in the agricultural colleges is the genesis of a system of university training for those who expect to live and die as working-men.

The farmer boys at the agricultural colleges take over twice as many hours per week as academic students at Yale, Harvard or Princeton, and apply themselves with the uncanny, quiet enthusiasm of Japanese.

The courses are conducted not in the customary buzzing drone of too many instructors, but with snappy, terse, whiplike sentences and live meaning.

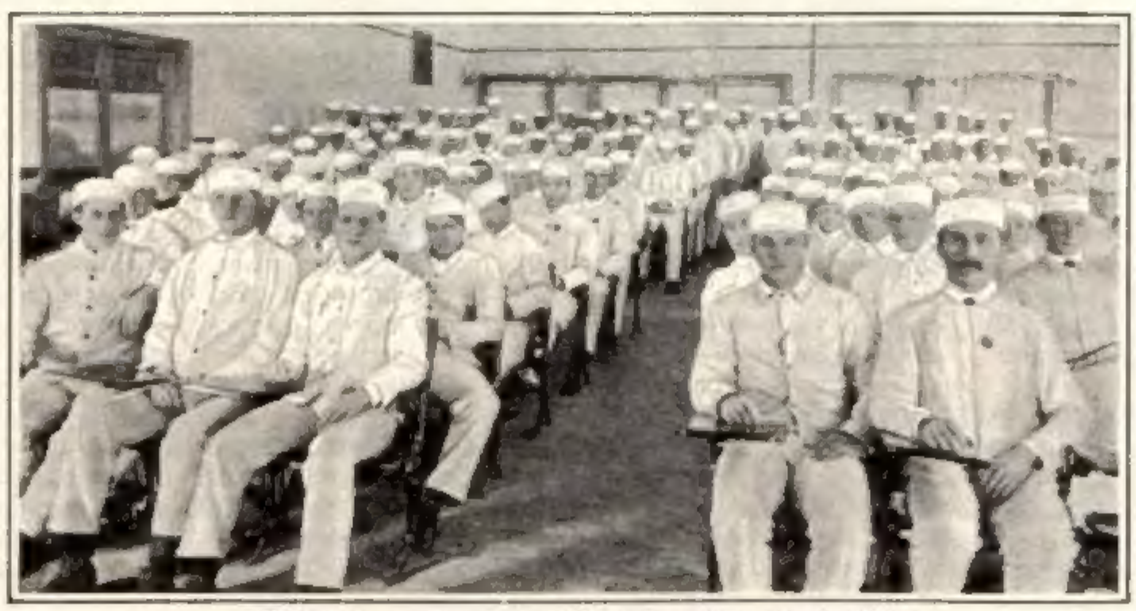
Let us attend for a minute the opening lecture on feeding livestock, delivered to the incoming class in rural science:

"We export many million dollars' worth of oil meal to Great Britain every year. Lawes, the great English investigator of livestock feeding, says that such a balance of trade is bound to be nearly ruinous in the long run—*to the exporting nation.* Why? Because all the concentrated richness that goes into oil meal cake is taken from our soil, fed to English steers and cows, becomes English manure and goes to enrich English soil. The farmer who sells his crops off his land and puts nothing back is living on his capital. Some day he will find his land hopelessly impoverished. Feed your corn to your own steers—not British steers. Thus you can keep your land rich by putting back in the form of manure the richness you take out of it in crops."

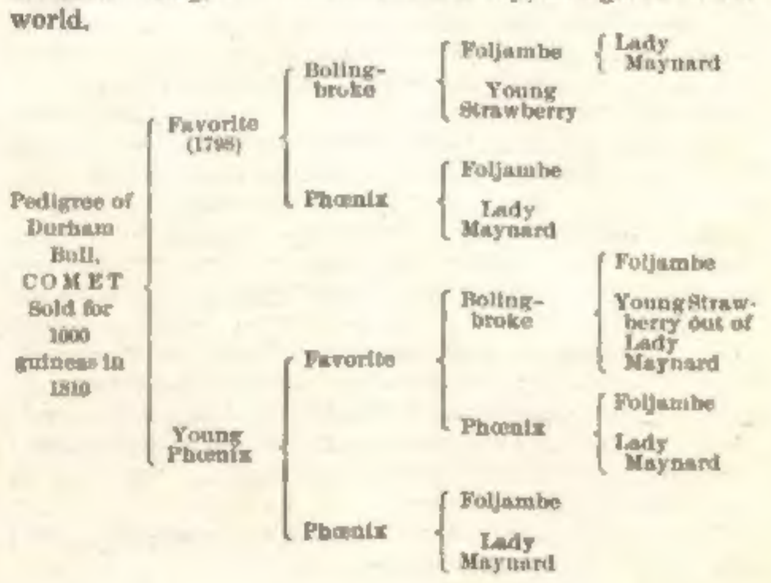
Professor Otis, of the University of Wisconsin, is expounding the fundamental principle of the science of farming: Don't take out of your land more than you put back. The stored-up fertility of thousands of years is, in many parts of America, already half gone, owing to the ruinous recklessness of a few decades of land exhaustion.

"What a horse needs is oxygen, and exercise and oxygen, and cleanliness and oxygen, and also sufficient warmth and oxygen. I know a saloonkeeper who bought a two-year-old trotter with a mark of under 2:20. He wanted to treat that horse well. So he put him in a shed and covered the inside of it with tar paper to keep out the damp. He also kept out the air, too. When I saw that horse he was half an hour from asphyxiation. He had sunk on his side in the thick straw of his box and was slowly suffocating from the carbon dioxide which he had exhaled. I kicked him out into the snow of the back yard. In a few minutes he could walk. I am supposed to teach you veterinary medicine. I shall first teach you veterinary hygiene. It's better for you to keep your horses and stock well than to dope them with all sorts of chemicals after they're sick. Try the King system of ventilation," concluded Doctor Alexander, the professor in veterinary science.

"Oh," thought the sophisticated youth, "here it is. The King system. Probably no firm has a patent on that. Probably nobody gets a rake-off for advising it—probably not." So the King system of ventilation for stables was investigated and found to be simple, effective and unpatented. No firm had it. Anybody could put it in. It was invented by Professor King, of Wisconsin University, and given to the world.



White Suits are Required of All Students Who Handle Milk



Instruction in Sheep-Handling

"This is how the famous bull Comet was bred. He belonged to the Lady Maynard family. This in-breeding fixed the Shorthorn, or, as they were then called, Durham, characteristics. But when the Colling Brothers went out of business and Thomas Hayes took up the Durham breeding specialty and tried to carry this narrow breeding still further, he met with many serious results, and had to stop. Such close breeding nowadays would not be safe, but it certainly worked in the case of the great Comet." The class in breeding is watching the blackboard as one pedigree after another of bulls and cows who founded kingly lines is spread before them.

"It's plain why drainage helps soil that is too wet. Why does it also help, in a majority of cases, land that is too dry? I'm not much of a hand at drawing pictures, but look at this——" (Hastily sketching on blackboard.) "This top line represents the level of the soil; *a b* shows the height of the water in the undrained land in the spring when the ground is wet. The plant *X* cannot shoot its roots down into this water because the roots need air. So they spread out, rooting shallow, above the water table. When the summer comes the water table drops. The shallow roots have a hard time getting moisture.

"On the other hand, if there is a drain in the land, as in the case of plant *Y*, the water table is brought down by the drain to level *c d* in the spring. The rooting plant shoots down deep instead of wide and shallow. When the summer comes, the deeper roots can get at the moisture in the ground more readily than the shallow roots. That is why drained land offers more moisture in the summer to plants than the undrained land."

The professor in soils is talking about drains—just as also he talks about glacial movements, humus, phosphates, capillary attraction in the soil, why too much salt kills, when to roll the soil (more especially when not to), when to drag, when to harrow, why. He shows how clover robs the air of nitrogen and transfers it to the soil.

He takes them into the greenhouse and has them lay tile—and he does it in Anglo-Saxon. He carefully keeps back the Greek and Latin he knows; nor does he once refer to the great German scientists with whom he has collaborated.

The students are taken to the model barns. They are formed into stock-judging classes passing on the excellence of the university's live-stock; they try the milking machines; operate and assemble the cream separators; churn, test milk chemically; practice carpentry and blacksmithing.

Nor is that all: they plant seeds in different kinds of soil, watch the results and experiment with fence-posts.

New Tricks for Old Dogs

AND so, when the course is over, they have become better farmers. They keep things cleaner; they know how to weed out their scrub stock and replace it with better, without recourse to the millionaire's expedient of buying up everything on the market that has ever taken a couple of blues at the State fair. They learn to breed the stock which the millionaires buy.

At first the old, practical farmer laughed at the newfangled notions of the agricultural school. Now, he sends his boy there if he can afford it, and wishes he had gone himself. For in the school the boy learns what it would take him years to learn by experience, to say nothing of what the experience would cost.

The short course for the boy who wants to farm, rather than teach or to run an agricultural paper, comprises fourteen weeks for each of two winters. The fee is $10 a year. The long course for students who mean to go into agricultural science deeply takes four years. The fees are $10 per year.

At present in the United States there are about 10,000 short-course and 4000 long-course students. In every State there is an agricultural college; and in almost every instance it forms part of the State university. The colleges specialize somewhat in work which will prove useful in their respective States. For instance, Wisconsin school has a high reputation for barley and dairying; Iowa, for stock fattening and corn; Illinois, ditto; Minnesota and North Dakota, for wheat; Utah, for irrigation; Louisiana, for sugar cane; California, for wine production, and Cornell, for all-around excellence.

The colleges are continually investigating and experimenting. Every year they add something to the sum of agricultural knowledge.

Perhaps the greatest achievement was the discovery by Doctor Babcock, of Wisconsin, of the famous Babcock milk test, whereby the farmer can readily determine exactly how rich (in butter-fat) is the milk from each cow. Every farmer who uses this test is irresistibly impelled to cull out his poor cows. Chemists had been seeking this secret for seventy-five years. Yet when it fell to Doctor Babcock he refused to patent it, but gave it to the world.

The cold curing of cheese process was discovered by Doctor Babcock and the Cornell faculty at about the same time. It marks another great advance.

Experimenting the Country Over

SOME of the experiments conducted and successes obtained recently at the farming schools have been as follows:

Connecticut. A herd of sixty-five Maltese milch goats has been imported to determine suitability for Connecticut climate.

Delaware. Attempt being made to make Kieffer pear trees bear fruit nearer ground.

Florida. Hybrid frost-resisting oranges under observation.

Georgia. Discovered that eighty per cent. of larvæ of peach borers pupate during August, which month is therefore best suited to their extermination.

Idaho. Experiments to determine which corn and oats are suited to high latitudes.

Illinois. Study of Chicago milk supply with reference to its cleanliness.

Iowa. Very busy and useful year. Corn trains have been run over State with members of faculty as rear platform orators on the topic: "You must get better seed corn; how to do it"; extensive forestration trials; durability of different woods for fence-posts tested; $3500 spent in good roads experimentation; good roads special train run through State.

Kansas. Tests of vegetables most suited for canning.

Kentucky. Demonstrated that Burley tobacco raised under shade produces finer texture leaf free from worms.

Louisiana. Rotation of crop experiments, *lasting sixteen years*, completed. Cotton, corn, cowpeas, oats, cowpeas, cotton, gave best results for depleted soil. Economy in use of molasses as feeding stuff for mules proved.

Maine. In an investigation on fertility in eggs, one egg laid twenty-seven hours and another thirty hours after male bird was put in pen with females yielded good chicks.

Massachusetts. Study of effect of electricity and gas on plants.

Minnesota. First section of rotation of crop experiment, lasting twelve years, brought to close. Two new wheats produced by selection and cross fertilization at the school—Minnesota No. 163 and Minnesota No. 169—are giving ten per cent. more yield than the old wheats.

Mississippi. Four hundred and eighty-three pounds of pork made from one acre of cowpeas.

Missouri. Attempt to breed out of peach buds and twigs the purple color which makes them more susceptible to cold.

North Dakota. A new wheat produced at the school, Experiment Station No. 66, is dividing the honors in the Northwest with the Minnesota improvements.

New Mexico. Investigation of cactus as forage.

New York. Healthy calves bred from tuberculous cows. By the use of acetylene lights in greenhouses Easter lilies were made to bloom ten days earlier than normal.

Maryland. A wheat, Currell Prolific, has been successfully introduced into the tidewater regions of the State.

Oklahoma. Cottonseed mixed with Kaffir corn being tried as steer fattener. Result not reported.

Oregon. After test of 100 varieties in ten years *Festuca arundinacea* found to be best pasture grass for the State.

Rhode Island. Blackhead, which was ruining turkey industry in New England, found to be largely due to keeping turkeys with hens.

South Dakota. Range ewes being crossed with improved rams to increase quality.

Mule Troubles and Potato Ills

TENNESSEE. Exclusive alsike pastures found responsible for dangerous trifoliosis in horses and mules.

Texas. Veterinarian studying blind staggers, which killed 4000 to 5000 horses in Brazos County last year.

Utah. Irrigation.

Vermont. Potato diseases.

Virginia. Secret of preventing cider fermentation learned.

Washington. Seven-year experiment in rotation, seeding and cultural work ended.

West Virginia. Five years' test of stable *vs.* commercial fertilizers ended. Beginning of cross-breeding experiment between Ayrshire and Jersey cows.

Wisconsin. Alfalfa; withholding salt from cows; passage of stallion law through legislature accomplished by university lobby.

Wyoming. Tamworth pigs proved suitable for high altitudes.

So in all parts of this Union the farming schools are working quietly, steadily, usefully, adding to the sum of human knowledge and accomplishment in the most necessary of all human occupations; dignifying with the university tradition, emboldening with university pride and self-esteem the rural working-man.

Teaching the Boys How to Buy and Sell Wisely

EDWARD A. SOTHERN

The Yorick of the Stage

"I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest,
Of most excellent fancy."

Vigilantly Watched, as Persons of a Dangerous Class, We Took Luncheon

BY

William Winter

THE birthday of Edward A. Sothern was the first of April, and his middle name was Askew. Those facts he mentioned to me, in a frolic spirit and with a quizzical smile, as indicative of his obvious predilection to whimsicality.

He was the most whimsical of actors; but beneath his whimsicality there was a fine intelligence. He possessed a keen perception of character, a quick sense of humor, and a potent faculty of imitation, combined with ample knowledge of human nature and of the social world. His natural qualifications for the vocation of acting were of exceptional and decisive authenticity: a fine figure; a symmetrical head, which, somewhat early in his life, was crowned with gleaming silvery hair; a handsome face—the features regular, the complexion fair and fresh; the eyes large and of a positive, brilliant, grayish blue; a distinguished manner; a loud, clear, expressive voice; an alert mind, and much sensibility of temperament. He was an attentive observer of manners and a careful student of dramatic art, and he had developed his powers, and become expert and proficient, through a long ordeal of professional experience. He made the character of Lord Dundreary, and with that character, a fabric of humorous eccentricity, he acquired fame and fortune.

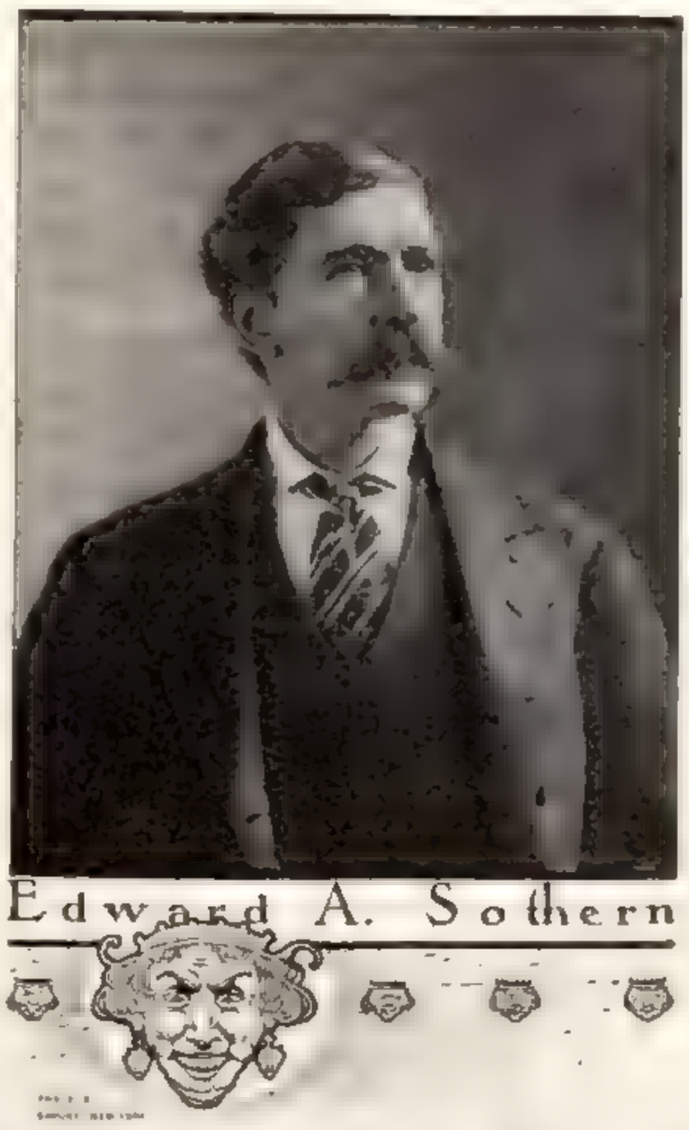
Superficial observers might have supposed that he was a mere farcical buffoon. The eye of experience discerned that he was far from being a trifler. It was not folly that prompted Sothern to play the fool. Viola, in Twelfth Night, takes note of the wisdom that is required "to play the fool well." In As You Like It the banished Duke says of Touchstone: "He wears his folly like a stalking horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit." That was Sothern's way. He knew what he wanted to do, and he knew how to do it. He drew from life. He displayed human nature through the medium of ludicrous fancy. He once assured me that there was not a trait in the character of Lord Dundreary, nor a movement made by him, that he had not seen in some actual individual. Like that Yorick of fiction, Laurence Sterne, whom, mentally, he resembled, he veiled satire with fantastic humor. He was the Yorick of the stage; a comedian of inventive skill, original character, quaint quality and intrinsic force.

Sothern was born at Liverpool, England, in 1826. His father, an owner of ships and collieries, was prosperous and wealthy. The family comprised nine children, of whom Edward was the seventh. He was carefully educated, under the direction of a private tutor. No one of his ancestors was ever on the stage. His parents died before he adopted the dramatic profession. Writing to me, in 1876, he stated that his choice of that vocation "was purely an accident." He had, however, known some adversity of fortune.

"I was studying medicine" (so he wrote to me), "and used to act with amateurs, who paid for playing, at the King's Cross Theatre, London, thirty-two years ago. The first salary I received was fifteen English shillings a week. It was at a little theatre in Guernsey. My opening parts were the Ghost, in Hamlet, Laertes (cutting out his first scene) and the Second Actor. I had a memorandum pinned on the wing to tell me when to change my costumes. Some wag moved it, and I got the three characters mixed up! You can conceive how wildly absurd the result was. I was dismissed for incapacity."

From Guernsey he went to Plymouth, and later to Weymouth, Wolverhampton and Birmingham. With the latter place he formed associations that he always cherished, and in after life he returned to that genial, hospitable city as to the abode of valued friends. In 1852 he came to America. He had adopted the romantic stage-name of Douglas Stuart, and under that name he appeared at the National Theatre, Haymarket Square, Boston, acting Doctor Pangloss, in The Heir-at-Law. His performance was a failure; he had the sense to recognize it as such; and, in order to obtain experience by acting all sorts of parts, he obtained an engagement at Barnum's Museum, New York, where performances were given twice a day, and where he toiled for a year.

He was then engaged by E. A. Marshall, of the old Broadway Theatre, to play light comedy parts, at Washington. There he acted for a few months, and then he joined Miss Laura Keene's company, at the Charles Street Theatre, Baltimore. In 1854 he became a member of Wallack's New York company, with which he remained



associated during four years, acting serious "walking gentlemen," heavy parts and broad low-comedy. In 1856 he discarded his stage name of Stuart and used his own, appearing (December 22), in association with Miss Matilda Heron, as the infatuated lover of the courtesan, in the diseased, sophistical, pernicious play of Camille (*La Dame aux Camelias*). Miss Heron, then in the prime of her beauty and vigor, made the afflicted heroine sufficiently effective to inspire a cohort of imitators, who have been loving, coughing and expiring ever since. Sothern was earnest—but out of place. Many years afterward he said to Edwin Booth:

"The worst performance ever seen was my Armand Duval."

Whereupon Booth gravely rejoined:

"The *worst?* Did you ever see my Romeo?"

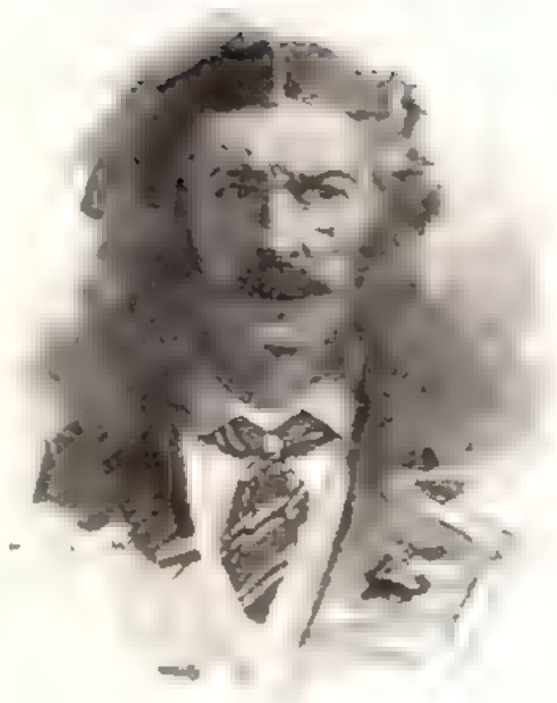
From Wallack's Sothern went to Laura Keene's Theatre, and there, presently, by a fortunate accident, he found a serviceable dramatic vehicle and achieved a decisive victory. The play, by Tom Taylor, called Our American Cousin, was brought out on October 18, 1858. In a letter addressed to me Sothern wrote:

"Laura Keene asked me to try and do something with a fourth-class, dyed-up old man—about seventeen lines long. I said yes, if I might revise the part, and try an idea that had been in my head for years and years. You know the result."

The result was that, there and then, he laid the foundation of his subsequent fortune and renown. Jefferson had the principal character, Asa Trenchard, and it was the acting of Jefferson that carried the play to success; but, long after Jefferson had discarded Our American Cousin, Sothern continued to perform in it, building the character of Lord Dundreary and making it drolly and artistically illustrative of his wide knowledge of the foibles and eccentricities of human nature. He played many parts; among them were Charles Surface, in The School for Scandal; Charles Marlow, in She Stoops to Conquer; Benedick, in Much Ado About Nothing; Raphael, in The Marble Heart; Claude Melnotte, in The Lady of Lyons; St. Pierre, in The Wife; Frank Annerly, in The Favorite of Fortune; Colonel White, in Home; Charles Chuckles, in An English Gentleman; Fitzaltamount, in The Crushed Tragedian; and David Garrick, in the comedy of that name; but his indelible mark was made as Lord Dundreary, and that personation implicated the chief peculiarities of his style. The last twenty years of his life were divided between England and America. He died, in London, in 1881, and was buried in the great cemetery of Southampton, not far from the central gate.

Lester Wallack (1820-1888), the representative light comedian of his time, was accustomed earnestly to insist that a really good actor is one who is not obliged to restrict himself to a single line of business, but is capable of playing parts of all kinds. That is true; but experience has conclusively shown that, however good an actor may be, he shows to the best advantage in those characters, always few, with which his temperament is closely congenial, and through the medium of which his essential individuality and native expertness of simulation can most freely be expressed. Stage history abounds with examples. Betterton, as may be seen in the pages of Cibber, was identified with Hamlet. Cumberland, the veteran dramatist, told Rogers, the poet, that the best impersonations he ever saw were Garrick's Lear, Henderson's Falstaff and Cooke's Iago. Fladgate, the father of the Garrick Club, who remembered John Philip Kemble and Edmund Kean in their best days, declared to me, in response to a direct inquiry as to this point, that Kemble's masterpiece was Penruddock, in The Wheel of Fortune, and that Kean's supreme achievement was Sir Edward Mortimer, in The Iron Chest. The memory of John Bannister is twined immortally with Walter, in The Children in the Wood. The illustrious name of Sarah Siddons is inseparably associated with Lady Macbeth, Jane Shore, Mrs. Beverley and Mrs. Haller. Macready reached his zenith in Macbeth. Forrest was

at his best in Spartacus and Jack Cade. Edwin Booth's genius flowered in Richelieu. William Warren, delightful in many parts, was incomparable as Touchstone. Jefferson (who acted more than one hundred parts) was perfection in Rip Van Winkle and Acres. Henry Irving—to me the greatest actor of my time, because he evinced a deeper knowledge of human nature, a broader comprehension and firmer grasp of the ideal, a wider scope of interpretative action and an ampler facility of dramatic expression than any other actor has done whom I have seen—was superb and unapproachable as Mathias, in The Bells; Doctor Primrose, the Vicar of Wakefield, in Olivia; Shylock, in The Merchant of Venice; Charles the First, in the pathetic drama of that name; Becket, the great Archbishop; and Mephistopheles, in Faust.



Lord Dundreary

Sothern's temperament and intellect—the one mercurial, the other quizzical; the one veiling sensibility with glee, the other prone to whimsical speculation and blandly satirical commentary on character and life—made for themselves, in Lord Dundreary, a thoroughly congenial medium of spontaneous utterance. Sothern's embodiment of that character showed no effort. Its vesture of vacuity was irresistibly comical, while, within that vesture, its shrewd, waggish mind, continuously operative, was intensely interesting. Its attributes were bland, nonsensical self-assurance; portentous gravity; tortuous mental tangle; unexpectedness of speech and motion; inconsequence of reasoning; abundant vitality; brilliant vigor of expression; pervasive refinement; and a charming vein of alert playfulness. The prodigious sapience of Lord Dundreary's disjointed colloquies with his sweetheart and with his servant rose to the height of comic humor.

The manner in which the man's mind stumbled and fell over itself cannot be described. No one but Sothern could do it, or has ever done it since. The performance has passed into history, and, by those observers who take a large view of the acted drama, using it as a valuable aid in their study of mankind and of social progress, it is noted and treasured. As a work of dramatic art, viewed with reference to its elaborate, complex mosaic of detail, it ranks with the most felicitous and memorable of recorded specialties; with such representative personations, for example, as those of Paul Pry, by Burton; Lord Ogleby, by John Gilbert; Jemmy Twitcher, by John Sefton; Doctor Caius, by Henry Placide; Mortland, by Lester Wallack; Sir William Fondlove, by Mark Smith; Lord Duberley, by William Rufus Blake; Major Wellington de Boots, by John Sleeper Clarke; Joshua Butterby, by John E. Owens; Benjamin Goldfinch, by John Hare; and Dick Phenyl, by Edward Terry.

One of the names that I love to remember is that of Edwin Adams, long since dead and gone, and distant from us by about the period of a generation. Sothern and I were closely associated in organizing and conducting performances for his benefit, which were given in October, 1877, when he had been overtaken by misfortune and was slowly dying. Those performances resulted in obtaining about ten thousand dollars. Sothern acted for the benefit in New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

One personal incident of that time, ludicrous as well as serious, deserves, perhaps, to be recorded. When the performances had been given and all the excitement was over, Sothern and I determined to go to Philadelphia and call on Adams, who was lying, desperately ill, at 114 South Twelfth Street, the residence of a relative, Mr. D. K. Gardiner. Sothern was then acting, every night, at the Park Theatre, New York, in The Crushed Tragedian, and was dwelling at the Gramercy Park Hotel. I met him at the hotel early in the morning, and we set forth on our journey—beguiling the time with pleasant talk about many things; for he was eagerly interested in the affairs of the hour, and always a blithe companion. After a time, which seemed very short, our train rolled into a station and stopped, and many passengers left the car, while a few others entered it. This we did not heed. I noticed, casually, that we were almost alone. Sothern remained quiescent, and so did I. In a little while our train started again, and presently the conductor approached and asked for our tickets—which had already been delivered to him. Sothern said:

"We are going to Philadelphia."

"I Turned it Down as I Spoke"

"No," said the conductor; "you are going away from it."

We had left Philadelphia far behind us: we were aboard a train that would make no stop for three hours; and the distance between the comedian and his theatre in New York was rapidly increasing. Other passengers soon became aware of our dilemma. An influential railway officer was discovered in another car. Persuasion was brought to bear on the somewhat obdurate but conscientious conductor, and, by and by, the speed of the train was sufficiently slackened to admit of our leaving it by jumping off.

We landed near a little station, the name of which I have forgotten. As we stood together beside the track, gazing ruefully on the rural scenery and on each other, Sothern said.

"Have you any *cards* about you?"

"Yes," I answered.

He wanted a visiting-card, on which to write a memorandum.

That colloquy was overheard by a rustic bystander, who, as we subsequently learned, went immediately to the neighboring hotel and reported that "two gamblers" had been ejected from the express train. In that hotel—vigilantly watched, as persons of a dangerous class—we took luncheon; and presently, having by chance ascertained that we were near to the farm of Charles Fechter, the eminent actor, I assured Sothern that I had brought him there expressly to see Fechter's retreat, and to view a celebrated picture, much admired by Fechter (it was, in fact, a dreadful daub), then hanging on the wall of the dining-room. To that pleasantry, of course, Sothern subscribed, and our conversation was heard with interest by the watchers of our proceedings—to them mysterious and suspicious. There we were obliged to remain, for about two hours, practically under guard, waiting for a train on which to return. It came at last, and, having been duly followed to the station, we were glad to escape.

Sothern proceeded directly to New York, arriving just in time to reach the Park Theatre and give his performance.

It fell to me to stop at Philadelphia, and, alone, to take leave of Adams, our much-loved comrade. He was on his death-bed—pale, emaciated, feeble, but firm in mind, and, as ever, cheerful and sweet in spirit. He could speak only in a whisper. He gave to me cordial messages of kindness to Sothern and to many other friends. Late that night I rejoined Sothern in New York and told him of that parting scene. About ten days later, October 28, 1877, at 11:15 A. M., Edwin Adams died—passing away in the forty-fourth year of his age.

Everybody loved Adams. Sothern was devotedly attached to him. I suppose he is seldom, if ever, remembered now. In his day he was one of the blithest spirits in all the bright world of the stage. Adams was a native of Boston, born February 3, 1834. He adopted the dramatic profession in 1853, and he had a career of about twenty-three years, winning signal reputation. A vase of dark blue granite marks his grave, at Laurel Hill, on which the inscription, chosen by his dear friend, John McCullough, truthfully declares, in the beautiful words of Shakespeare, that

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world "This was a man."

Sothern told me an anecdote of himself which I recall as especially indicative of his temperament and his tact. He said that once, when he was a member of Laura Keene's company, Miss Keene, whose temper was tempestuous and violent, took offense and became exceedingly angry with him. It was evening and she had summoned him to come to her room, intending to vent her rage in a tirade of censure.

"I knew her way" (so Sothern proceeded), "and I did not wait for her to speak.

"'Before you utter a word, Miss Keene,' I said, 'let me turn down the gas-light.'

"I turned it down as I spoke.

"'What is that for?' she cried—amazed as well as enraged.

"'Because,' I answered, 'I can bear to endure whatever you have to say; but I *cannot* bear to see those beautiful eyes blazing with passion, and that lovely face distorted with wrath. Go on now, and say whatever you please.'

"She was immediately mollified and we were friends again."

Sothern greatly admired the acting of the illustrious French actress, Mademoiselle Rachel, and he often talked of her statuesque beauty, inspirational fire and perfectly expressive art. One of her effective expedients he particularly noted, and sometimes used. She had a way of keeping her eyes partly closed, for a while, and then, suddenly, at the climax of a speech, letting them flash wide open, so that they blazed with light and meaning. All such aids to theatrical effect were carefully considered by him and judiciously employed—for his acting, while delightfully fluent and seemingly spontaneous, was, in fact, compounded of many acute and felicitous devices, harmoniously blended in a uniform and beautiful artistic method. The early ambition of Sothern was to shine in serious drama, and I think he never quite discarded the conviction that he might have excelled in tragedy.

Sothern, at one time, investigated "spiritualism," and, subsequently, he sometimes amused himself with it—pretending to be "a medium" and, as such, privately, and as a pastime, performing "feats" customarily performed by practitioners of that class. He told me that, in order to amaze and overwhelm a skeptical acquaintance, he ascertained, by indirect means, the number inscribed on that person's watch, and, a year afterward, contrived to include him in a group of inquirers, assembled for "a spiritual seance," and, becoming "entranced," imparted "a spiritual communication," stating that a certain watch was in the room, and giving its number. Sothern added the remark that the owner of that watch became a believer in "spiritualism." Sothern's actual view of that subject was expressed in a letter that he wrote, in 1865, of which this is an explicit passage:

"I look upon every spiritualist as either an impostor or an idiot; I regard every spiritual exhibitor, who makes money by his exhibitions, as a swindler. The things that these people do are *not* done by spiritual or supernatural means. I know that; I have proved it. I have done all that they can do, and more. The history of 'spiritualism' . . . is, on the one hand, a chronicle of imbecility cowardly terror of the supernatural, willful self-delusion and irreligion; and, on the other, of fraud and impudent chicanery and blasphemous indecency. I do not say that there are not 'more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy'; but I *do* say that, as a result of such a practical investigation of 'spiritualism' as I believe few other men have made, I must honestly and fearlessly denounce it as a mockery, a delusion, a snare and a swindle."

And Suddenly Took a Large Dinner-Plate Out of His Mouth

The remark of the cockney theatrical manager, made to the dramatist, Henry J. Byron, at Plymouth, England, "Hi've 'ad a fine walk, this morning, all round the O" (meaning the Hoe), elicited from Byron the playful rejoinder, "It would do you good now to take another, and go round the H."

Sothern's sportive fashion was of the nimble, pleasant order thus exemplified. Wherever he came the spirit of frolic came with him. In a party at supper one night, Robert Heller, the magician, being present, Sothern suddenly pretended to be very ill, with severe pain in the chest. Heller, with perfect gravity and an expression of deep solicitude, rose and approached him; and, after feeling his pulse and noting the action of his heart, said:

"I should think you *would* feel ill"—and suddenly took a large dinner-plate out of his mouth.

"Thank you," said the actor; "I'm better now."

Once, with several companions, he came into a chop-house where I happened to be sitting, at luncheon, and eagerly, with an intensely serious aspect, seized a tobacco-jar that was on the table, and, with both hands, turned it from right to left, and then from left to right.

"Now," he said, "try it—and you'll see that it is perceptibly heavier, when turned from the left to the right, than it is when turned from the right to the left."

Each of his companions tried it, and, completely deceived by his marvelously earnest demeanor of conviction, two of them declared that it was so!

He possessed the same faculty for which Artemus Ward was so remarkable—that of "keeping a straight face." Many of his practical jokes have been described in print. Some of them, I have heard, carried the fun to a painful extreme. Others were innocent.

The serious side of Sothern's nature revealed itself only to his intimate friends—and those were few. He kept a

(Concluded on Page 87)

A VENTURE IN HIGH FINANCE

Susie's Deal in Railroads—and Revolvers

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

IT WOULD have been a fine bargain if Jasper Abbott could have made it stick. He bought a railroad for $1500—at least he paid the money and got a deed to the road. The deed was most impressive and convincing, too; it had a lot of printing and a lot of typewriting and a big red seal, and it took Jasper Abbott all of an hour to read it through. Even then he didn't understand it, which seemed to him the best possible proof that it was a genuine legal document.

The man who sold the road to Jasper met him on the smoking-car of the train. His name—the name he used on this occasion, at any rate—was Henry Aiken. Strangely enough, Henry was not traveling on a pass. One would think that a man who was in a position to sell a whole railroad would have sufficient influence to get a pass, but this did not occur to Jasper until later. He ought to have known, also, that the control of a railroad goes with stock and bonds, rather than with deeds, but he did not think of this, either. "Stock" and "bonds" were mere words to him, anyhow, but he knew what a deed was; he had one at home that gave him ownership of his ranch.

Aiken was a very entertaining man, and a wonderfully well-informed one. He told Jasper many things that the latter did not know; he also told him many things that he himself did not know. His imagination was working well, so he was able to answer all questions. He dwelt especially on the way great fortunes were sometimes made over night by men who were able to see and grasp opportunities. He told stories of successful men that the men themselves never would have recognized; they would have been surprised to learn how easily and quickly they made fabulous sums out of trifling investments. Incidentally, he mentioned that a fortune could be made at that very moment out of the road they were traveling over, if a man with a little money happened to know the situation.

"English parties, you know," he explained. "Got sick of it and want to go home, where they understand things better. Had a good deal of trouble over some law about alien ownership, and it discouraged them."

Many interesting but hazy details did Aiken give to account for this extraordinary bargain. There had been much opposition to the Englishmen by people who did not like to see foreigners get hold of good things, and there was now the danger that the Government would step in unless they made a quick transfer. Certain parties who wanted to get control of the road were taking advantage of this fact to force the price down.

"Why, say!" exclaimed Aiken, "a wide-awake fellow with a little money could step in quick, buy the road, and sell it again in a week or so for a hundred thousand. The Vanderbilts would pay that for it in a minute, if necessary, but they know they've got the Englishmen in a tight place, and they're putting on the screws. Jay Gould got his start in just this way—bought a road for twenty-five hundred and sold it a week later for a hundred and fifty thousand. You've read of that, I suppose."

Jasper thought he had. He had read so much about Jay Gould's wonderful success in buying railroads that he couldn't be sure of this particular story, but he thought he had read of some such bargain. Anyhow, it was no more surprising than many things he had read.

"You see," Aiken went on, "I'm a railroad broker. I sell railroads on commission. Once in a while I buy one myself, but it's just my beastly luck to have the greatest opportunity of a lifetime come when all my money is tied up."

"I'll have a little money when I collect for my cattle," remarked Jasper thoughtfully, "but I don't reckon it would be enough to buy a railroad."

"How much?" asked Aiken.

"Oh, about $1500," answered Jasper. "Me an' Susie are goin' after it now."

"Who's Susie?"

"My girl. She's back in the other car, crazy to see the city. We mostly stay to home, but this time we're goin' for the money ourselves. The cattle's there now."

"Fifteen hundred," mused Aiken. "That's pretty cheap, but perhaps I can arrange it. The market isn't very strong for railroads just now, and the Vanderbilts don't think anybody else knows the situation. That's why they're holding off for a low price. John W. Gates would jump at such a chance if he knew about it."

Of course, a deal of this magnitude, involving the ownership of a railroad, was not arranged in a minute. They talked it over in the smoking-car, and Aiken even went back to the other car and met Jasper's daughter, Susie Abbott. They did not talk of it there, however. Aiken made it clear that this was no matter for general discussion, the utmost secrecy being necessary. A woman could not be expected to understand it. Besides, a woman can ask most annoying questions; but this he did not say.

Susie had all the joyous enthusiasm of a girl who is seeing something of life for the first time. She was a product of ranch life—active, healthy and good-looking, but a bit diffident in her unaccustomed surroundings. Her eyes sparkled with anticipation of coming pleasures, but she lacked the self-confidence that was hers in the wilder life. She was not the breezy kind of a girl that Aiken identified with Western ranches, but she might have more nearly answered his expectations if he could have seen her at home. Anyhow, he found her interesting, and he naturally did his utmost to create a favorable impression.

It was the day after their arrival that her father informed her that he had bought a railroad for $1500. She had gone with him to collect the money, but he had left her at the hotel in the afternoon, where she had spent the time trying to decide what theatre they would go to first. He made his announcement when he returned for dinner.

"Bought a railroad, Dad?" she exclaimed. "Oh, you couldn't do that!"

"Well, I've done it," he asserted. "I got the very road that we came on, an' we'll go back on a pass."

"Somebody's cheated you, Dad," she said anxiously. "The city's full of cheats. We've always heard that."

"Don't you worry," he returned. "I know what I'm doing. I got my eyes open long ago, and I've been watchin' for all the games you read about. This is different. Aiken told me about it on the train. Vanderbilt wants the road, but I slipped in while he was jewin' down the price. There's only three men knows what a bargain it was, an' Vanderbilt scared them off by threatenin' to make trouble in some other deals. That's the way these big men do things, you know—keep people away from the things they're after. But he hasn't got any hold on me. Why, Aiken says all I got to do is to hold it a week, to worry 'em a little, an' then he'll sell it for me himself, if I want to let go. You see, the Vanderbilts need it."

"That sounds reasonable," admitted Susie.

"No doubt about it at all," said Jasper. "Aiken made it all as clear as day. It's the kind of a deal you read about in the papers, only a little better. The man that gets hold of the right thing at the right time makes a fortune. And I've got this right enough. Here's the deed to it."

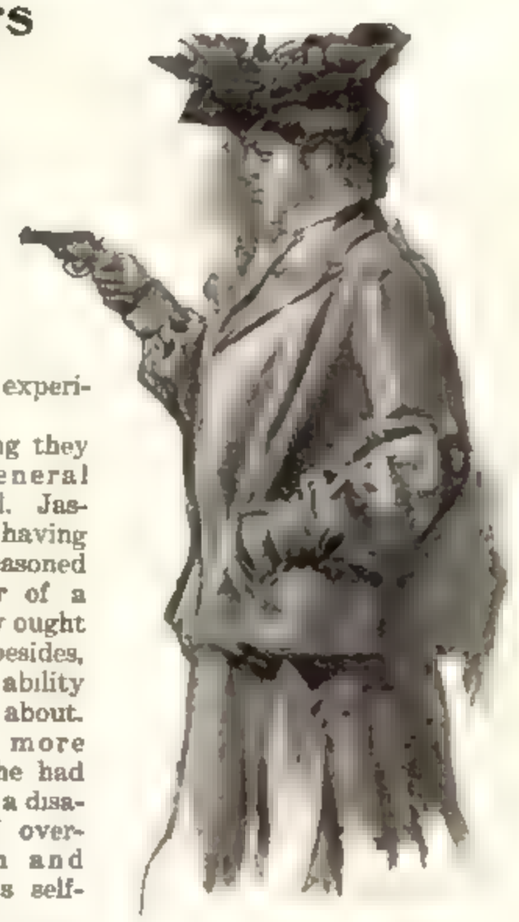
He unfolded the impressive document and laid it on a table. Susie read it through aloud, while Jasper listened and nodded complacently.

"Ain't that a deed to the road?" he asked, when she had finished.

"I guess so," she answered. "I don't understand it all, but it reads all right. Your name is there, and the name of the road is there, and the seal is big and red. I guess it must make you owner."

"Of course it does," said the gratified Jasper. "We'll go up to the office to-morrow an' let 'em know we're on earth. Of course, I'm goin' to leave everything the way it is, not botherin' the president, or any of the other employees, for it's only a speckilation for me; but I got to tell 'em I'm boss. We'll go home in style, too."

Susie was a little troubled, principally because it seemed too good to be true, but the deed was very convincing, and she finally let the enjoyment of an evening at the theatre drive her doubts into the background. After all, the city was a good deal of a fairy-land, and it was not surprising that they should have fairy-like experiences.



It was Small, but it had a Very Businesslike Look

In the morning they went to the general offices of the road. Jasper insisted upon having a carriage. He reasoned that the owner of a railroad certainly ought to ride, and, besides, he doubted his ability to find his way about. The city was more confusing than he had expected: it had a disagreeable way of overwhelming him and destroying his self-reliance.

The general offices still further troubled him, for it seemed preposterous that $1500 could buy a road that had such extensive headquarters, even if internal troubles and external complications had made it an extraordinary bargain. However, he had the deed.

"I hope," said Susie thoughtfully, "that the road's making the rent. It must cost a lot."

This was disquieting. Suppose he had been cheated, and discovered that he had made himself liable for the rent of these offices? He was cheered, however, by the recollection that Aiken had demonstrated that the road was making money.

"But if I don't sell right off," he declared, "they got to cut down expenses here. No use throwin' money away. I wonder who we better see."

"The president," suggested Susie.

"I don't know," returned Jasper. "P'r'aps we better break it to 'em gentle."

Being unable to decide, he put the problem up to a youth who was passing. Whom ought he to see about a matter of great importance?

"What nature?" asked the youth. "The person to see depends upon the nature of the business."

"Why, I own the road," explained Jasper.

The youth seemed uncertain whether to laugh or dodge and run before the lunatic had a chance to become violent.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"No joke," answered Jasper, somewhat annoyed. "I bought it from a man on the train—got the deed to it in my pocket."

"Say, that's good!" exclaimed the youth. "Bought it from a man on the train! That's the best ever! Say! the man you want to see is the chief of police."

"No, I don't," retorted Jasper. "I ain't goin' to upset things; I only want to see the right man to talk it over, an' fix it up for a pass home."

"Bought the road!" said the youth again, as if he found something rarely enjoyable in the idea. "Bought it from a man on the train!" Then he noted the anxious look on the girl's face, and checked himself suddenly. "You come right along with me," he said. "The General Passenger Agent looks after passes. I guess he's the man you want to see."

"He'll do," said Jasper.

Something in the girl's expression restrained the youth's inclination to laugh, but it did not wholly deprive him of his appreciation of the joke. The very thought of the amazement of any one of the officials was amusing. Indeed, it was so delightful that he had to share the pleasure with a fellow-clerk who happened to be passing.

"Jimmie," he said, catching the other clerk by the arm, "I want to introduce you to the new owner of the road."

"Quit kiddin', Tom," retorted Jimmie. "I'm busy."

"It's right," insisted Tom. "He bought it from a man on the train, and he's got the deed in his pocket."

That was enough of a hint for Jimmie, and he straightway entered into the spirit of the game. People who buy prominent buildings from affable strangers are becoming common, but a man who bought a railroad was a curiosity.

"Let's see the deed," said Jimmie.

Jasper produced it, and Tom and Jimmie looked it over.

"It looks good to me," announced Jimmie soberly.

"I'm taking him to see the General Passenger Agent," explained Tom. "I think that will surprise the G. P. A. a little."

"Well, rather," said Jimmie. "I don't believe he knows a thing about it."

"A fellow never knows who owns a railroad these days," remarked Tom. Then he took Jasper down a long corridor and pointed out the door to the General Passenger Agent's office. He did not go in himself; his affection for his job restrained his natural inclination to see the thing through. So he went back to Jimmie, and the two leaned up against the wall and laughed until they were weary.

"But it's a measly shame, too," said Jimmie at last. "I don't care about the old man, but I'm sorry for the girl."

"I'm sorry for the 'con' man if either of them ever gets hold of him," returned Tom. "The city has them rattled, but I'll bet they don't ask odds of anybody in their own country. There was a suggestion of a dangerous glint in the old man's eyes once or twice."

"And the girl's," added Jimmie.

The city does take the confidence out of people who are strangers to it and its ways, and Jasper and his daughter felt much out of place and rather helpless. They did not even look like the people they met. She, with feminine instinct, realized this more than he did. She had prepared herself for the trip with great care, and her gown was becoming, but still she knew that in some indefinable way it proclaimed her as not of the city. They were people apart, neither understanding nor understood.

However, they were somewhat reassured by the favorable judgment passed on the deed, and Jasper was beginning to think that it was time to assert himself more aggressively. The great number of clerks in the office they now entered weakened that determination a little, but he spoke with some confidence.

"I'm lookin' for the Gen'ral Passenger Agent," he announced to the man at the nearest desk.

"What's your business with him?" inquired the man.

"I own the road."

"You w-h-a-t?"

"I own the railroad."

"That's pretty good, too," remarked the man, when he had recovered from his surprise, "but I guess you'll have to call again. He's so busy that he only receives owners on Mondays."

"Well, I guess he'll see me now," asserted Jasper, becoming dimly conscious of the fact that he was not being treated seriously. "I'll clean things out pretty complete if he don't, an' I'll begin with you."

"Now, Dad," interposed Susie, "don't be hard on the man. He probably doesn't understand. You did it rather sudden, you know."

"That's right," admitted Jasper. "Well, young man, I bought the road yesterday, an' I got the deed for it in my pocket."

"See the chief clerk," said the man, who felt that the affair was getting a little beyond the safety line for him.

Jasper and his daughter moved on to the desk indicated.

"Well?" said the chief clerk inquiringly.

"I've bought the road," said Jasper, settling down to a sort of dogged tone.

The chief clerk was a man of quick wit, not easily overwhelmed.

"Going to take it away with you?" he asked cheerfully.

"I'm goin' to have some civil clerks in the office," retorted Jasper warmly.

"He wants it boxed up and shipped to his farm," suggested one of the other clerks.

"Won it in a raffle, perhaps," laughed another.

The dangerous glint appeared in Jasper's eyes again, but Susie laid a restraining hand on his arm. Her own eyes flashed, but there was a quiver of the lip, too, that seemed to indicate momentary weakness.

"Don't mind them, Dad," she said. "They don't know any better."

This had the effect of sobering the clerks a little. The man was fair game, but the girl was entitled to sympathy and respect.

"I got the deed to prove it," said Jasper, mollified by the more serious air of attention.

"Let's see it," said the chief clerk.

Jasper produced it, and two or three leaned over the chief clerk's shoulder to inspect it as the latter laid it on his desk. It was such an amazing thing that they were divided between a desire to laugh and a feeling of awe at the magnificent nerve of the swindler, combined with wonder at the guilelessness of the victim. They were poring over it, with whispered comments, when there was an interruption from another quarter.

"What's this?" was the brusk inquiry of a man who emerged from an inner office.

"It's mine," declared Jasper defensively, while the clerks hurriedly scattered.

"What's yours?"

"The railroad."

"What's he talking about?" demanded the brusk man.

"I bought it," said Jasper, before the chief clerk could reply.

"He says, Mr. Weston," explained the chief clerk respectfully, "that this is a deed to the road."

Weston took the document and ran through it hastily, his face gradually breaking into a smile. Then, as he looked up, his eyes rested on the anxious face of the girl, and he seemed to change his mind about what he was going to say.

"How much did you pay for this?" he inquired.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," answered Jasper.

Weston gave a low whistle, and then surprised the clerks by taking the two into his private office. At least he would not make their disappointment a spectacle for the men in the office. Sympathy for the girl prompted this, and it also induced him to be most considerate in explaining the situation to them.

"I am sorry," he said, in concluding his explanation, "but you have been swindled."

"Swindled!" exclaimed Jasper. "The deed says I own the road, don't it?"

"Yes, but——"

"That's all any deed says, ain't it?"

"Of course."

"Perhaps You'd Better See the Chief of Police"

"Then why ain't this deed as good as any other? It's confusin' enough to be legal."

"Oh, the form seems to be all right."

"Then it must be a good deed," asserted Jasper decidedly.

"Why, no," explained Weston patiently. "You see——"

"The deed shows I paid my money, don't it?" interrupted Jasper. "You can't make a liar out of a deed, can you?"

"But railroads aren't transferred by deeds; you get control by buying stock."

"This one was," insisted Jasper. "You can read it right in the deed itself."

"Anyhow," said Weston in desperation, "the man you bought from never owned the road and never represented anybody who did, so he couldn't sell it."

This was something that Jasper could grasp, and he seemed to slowly shrivel under the weight of the blow. His ranch was small, he had given years of hardship to putting it on a paying basis, and this represented the difference between a profit and a loss on the year's business. But the worst of it was the feeling of utter helplessness. In the West he would know what to do; here he was no better than a child.

The indignation of the girl, however, overcame her bewilderment, and she developed strength as her father weakened.

"He's a thief!" she cried hotly. "I'd just like to get hold of him!"

Weston noted her blazing eyes and the physical perfection an outdoor life had given her. He decided that she was quite capable of making it interesting for the swindler; but his advice was prosaic.

"Perhaps you'd better see the chief of police," he suggested

"No," returned Jasper dully. "The police wouldn't let me get at him, if they caught him."

"Brace up, Dad," urged the girl, taking him affectionately by the arm. "I never saw you lose your nerve before."

"I never was where nerve wouldn't do me any good before," he explained, weakly apologetic. "I got my nerve when I know what to do with it."

"Don't worry," she consoled. "We'll get him."

"How?"

"Well, I know something that will help."

He was still too dazed to press her for details, so she thanked Weston, and they gloomily left the office.

"I guess we better walk," he said, when they reached the street.

In the circumstances, this seemed to be a wise suggestion; they no longer owned a railroad, and carriages cost money. So they paid and dismissed the driver, and then went slowly back to the hotel. The fairy-like aspects of the city had disappeared: it was cold and cruel now. They felt more friendless and alone than in the wilderness.

"We better go back," said Jasper. "A man is no more good here than a yeller pup. He can't *do* anything." It was the enforced inactivity that discouraged him: he wanted the satisfaction of striving personally, and it was denied him.

"See the police," she advised. "It can't do any harm."

"Was that what you was thinking?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "I have another plan, but I can't tell you about it now."

He finally was prevailed upon to see the police, and the police asked a lot of questions and looked wise. Incidentally, they laughed a little, informing him that he was "easy." But they said there was nothing he could do except wait to hear from them.

"What's your plan?" he demanded, when he returned from his interview with the police.

"I've telegraphed to Ed," she answered.

For a moment he almost forgot his troubles in his amusement at this sublime confidence.

"If that ain't like a girl," he said. "There's always one man that she thinks can do anything."

"Ed's been to the city before," she argued. "He knows."

"Ed can't come," he said.

"Ed *will* come," she declared.

"He can't come now."

"Ed can do anything I tell him," she insisted, "and I telegraphed."

"I wonder," mused Jasper, "if your ma ever thought that way about me." Then he added: "Why, Ed will want to marry you right here."

"What of it?" she asked.

"Why—why, nothing much," he answered. "It's your ma that's so set on not hurryin' things. I don't care."

There being nothing else to do, they settled down to wait for word from Ed or the police. But presently a disquieting thought came to him.

"You didn't put this up, did you, Susie?" he asked.

"What?"

"This game on me."

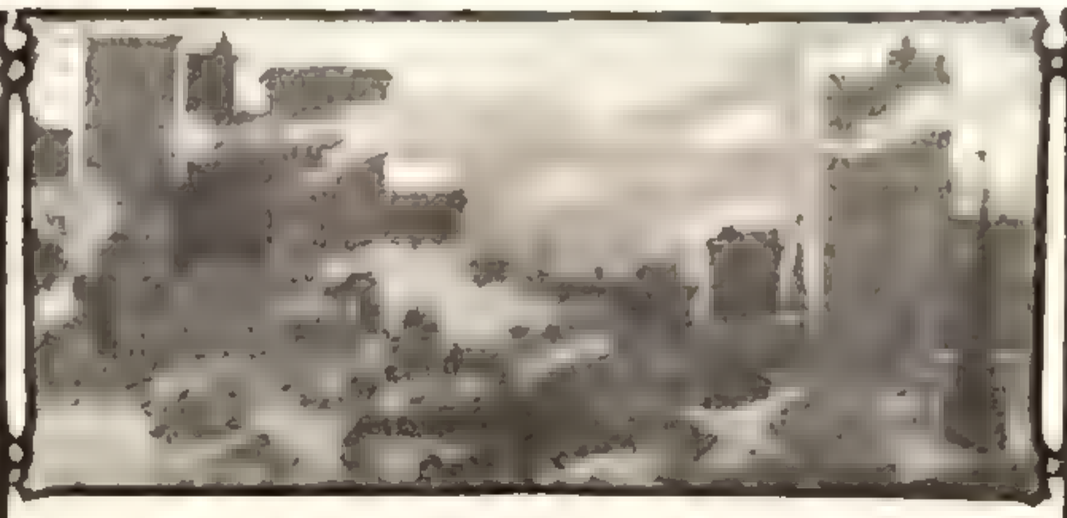
"Why should I?"

"So's to get Ed on here."

(Concluded on Page 32)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



The Heart Bowed Down

SENATOR EUGENE HALE, of Maine, is the World's Champion Killjoy. He has all belts and all records. He is in continuous session as a Grand Lodge of Sorrow on the Tendencies of the Times, and the only place his eyes can get a focus on the Republic is prostrate in the dust.

Take it from the Senator and everything is over. We have arrived at the apogee and are sliding rapidly down the other side. He is listening, with ill-concealed impatience, for the splash we are to make when we hit oblivion. He is the human edition of the American Decline and Fall, bound neatly in fashionable, but unostentatious, garments of some dark material (as the women reporters who do weddings write of the unhappy groom), and a set of tenderly nurtured, pointed whiskers. There is positively no hope. The Ship of State has been scuttled, has struck on a reef, is leaking like a sieve, has had an explosion in the twelve-inch magazines, has shifted her ballast and the pumps are out of order. The lifeboats have been swept away. The seas are running mountain high. There is nothing doing, nothing—nothing—doing, and we are going down, down, down, where the wrecks of other haughty republics are whitening in ghastly solitude on the sands of time.

Everybody cry!

What cares Hale if nobody else sees it? What cares he if eighty million people are criminally indifferent and curiously skeptical about it all? He cares not a single care. He has warned us all. He has interpreted the signs of the times. He has called aloud, and, if none there be to heed his call, he is content to stand aside and watch the dismal spectacle. He has done his part—overdone it, in fact. He has made his predictions. He recognizes his own infallibility, and there is nothing left for him to do except to repeat the warnings, from time to time, when their repetition will not interfere with his other two occupations of diverting as much of the appropriations as he can to the State of Maine, and of acting as public censor of the Senate and admonishing the unruly children of that body as to their duties and the correct performance thereof.

Foresees We are to be Spanked

SENATOR HALE is chairman of the Naval Committee. When somebody else proposes a big naval program it is a sure sign that we are becoming a warlike and aggressive nation and are due to get spanked by some other power, to say nothing of sweating under excessive taxes. When he proposes a big naval program, and somebody else objects, that is a sure sign that nobody but himself has an adequate conception of what the future holds, and that we are bound, with a laugh on our myriad lips, for the bow-wows. An increase in the army that he does not favor means the collapse of our revered system of government. An increase in the army that he does favor means utter destruction unless it is made operative. He is a versatile and catholic gloom dispenser. He can get a gloom germ in anything from a holiday vacation to the making of a new State; and when the Senate has worn off the effects of its breakfast dyspepsia, and the morning hour is proceeding with some semblance of joy, he needs but a few minutes to drape every desk in black and make it almost imperative that the Congressional Record shall be printed with turned column rules and other emblems of woe.

As a censor and critic he shines resplendently. If it is not his particular day to peer into the future and note, with calm satisfaction over his perspicacity, that there are breakers ahead through which we cannot—oh, indeed, we cannot!—pass with safety, it generally occurs to him that the Senate is due to be told how it should proceed. Then he tells. He has been sitting at his desk brooding over our ultimate and dark-brown destiny, and some Senator, whose heart is not bowed down with weight of woe, does something that attracts his attention.

He rises, calmly and in a dignified manner, and sweeps an imperious eye around. He takes his glasses and beats time with them to the measured cadence of his voice. "Now, Mr. President," he says, with that air of condescension that causes most of the other members of the body to grip the arms of their chairs to keep from getting up and butting their heads against the wall in frenzy of impotent anger—"Now, Mr. President——" and he is off. He reads his lecture slowly. The Senator he has in mind is wrong. That is natural, for he has been a Senator only sixteen years, and is not on to all the curves as yet. He will learn in time; undoubtedly he will learn, for he possesses, in some small measure, those attributes of a Senatorship that are so illustriously combined within the Hale corporation. The Senator is to be excused, for he knows no better, but it must not happen again. The proper way to do this is to do it in the Hale way. There is nothing that approaches that. His method is his method. Does not the Senator see?

Senator Eugene Hale

Oh, happy hours—oh, happy, happy hours! How the Senate likes it! With what avidity the Senators listen to the lectures and then promise to be good! How eagerly they rush to acknowledge their errors and beg for the inestimable benefits of future correction when they shall stray from the Halensian path!

Yes, they do—not!

Some day there will be a revolt. Some day Senators will hop up in angry protest. They will proclaim that not all the intellect of the ages is concentrated beneath those careful bangs that drape that peerless brow. It will be useless. It will be worse than useless, for Hale will lift an eyebrow, shrug a shoulder and calmly let the barbarians rave. Then, at the first opportunity, he will get up and tell them again all about themselves and how futile they all are. And he will get away with it.

It was not always thus. In the old days, when he was in the House and was the lieutenant of James G. Blaine, Hale was known as "Bub" Hale. It is manifestly impossible that any statesman who was known as "Bub" could have been so gloomy and so censorious as Hale is now. "Bub" carries with it the idea of chubby cheeks, of laughing eyes, of genial smiles and hearty handshakes. "Bub" Hale! It may have been so in those days, but any person who would have the temerity to call Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine, "Bub" Hale now would be withered, consumed, eliminated, annihilated. It would be worse—oh, infinitely worse—than slapping J. Pierpont Morgan on the back and saying: "Howdy, Pierp, old scout!"

You see, Hale is an aristocrat—that is, he has been in office most of the time since he was twenty-one years old. Rarely has he been separated from the pay-roll of his appreciative county, his appreciative state and his appreciative nation. Any man who can hold on from the late fifties until the present day is certainly entitled to such heraldry as he sees fit to choose, and Hale has chosen his emblems of aristocracy from this very fact.

Ruler of the Caves of Gloom

AND it would be quite unjust to Hale to intimate that the salaries paid for his patriotic services had anything to do with the continuous rendering of those services. His financial paths have been fringed with primroses since he was a young man.

His officeholding has extended from the county attorneyship of Hancock County, which he took over when he was a youth just in the law, through the State legislature to the House of Representatives and to his present secure anchorage in the Senate, where he has been since 1881. That record, naturally, gives him an experience that is valuable. Hale interprets it as making him the supreme arbiter of procedure and precedent and the sole owner and proprietor of the caves of gloom.

He trembles for the Republic, mourns and will not be comforted. And the best the Republic can do is to speak to him kindly, and say: "Go ahead, old chap, and wail and foresee if it pleases you. We're too busy to worry about your fears."

THE CAVE MAN

By JOHN CORBIN

Advising the Motorists to Get a Horse

V

WHEN Wistar awoke, as the train was crossing the Harlem, a radical change had come over his outlook upon life. The love that had been a dream, idealized in the perspective of years, had become present and actual. Now, for the first time, he was a factor in Judith's happiness, a factor of vital moment. Out in the darkness, beyond the threshold of his conscious self, there was a faint new star that danced with hope. Yet his reason and his sense of the facts of life told him that a sorrow awaited him of a kind he had never before imagined.

There was one creature in the world whom he loved, and day in and day out he would be obliged to bend his energies to bring her and those she loved most dearly to ruin—a ruin in which material poverty was so much the least of evils. Whenever the thought recurred to him it filled him with an actual, sickening anguish. As his train glided in among the hideous roofs and chimneys of Manhattan, it seemed that the city was at once the cause of his sorrow and its embodiment. Often before his heart had felt cramped in the contemplation of the sordid and truculent money-greed of the place. Now he could have cursed it with a prophet's vindictive wrath.

At his office he had scarcely scanned the accumulation of mail when he received a call from an appraiser—appointed by the projectors of the association of independents to determine and report the resources of each of the firms. If it was important to the trust to secure Wistar, to the anti-trust it was the vital consideration. Some of the association were small makers whom Penrhyn had not thought it worth while to buy in. But not a few of them had voluntarily held aloof from it; and, as the appraiser now made evident, powerful reënforcements were at hand. No less than five of the very firms that had been provisionally pledged to Sears and Penrhyn had agreed to join the independents on condition that Wistar also join them.

Wistar had never had any real doubt of the outcome of the fight; but now he was manifestly master of the situation. He at once gave the appraiser access to his books. The act was an habitual and almost mechanical response to his sense of duty. But in his heart he felt that he was signing the death-warrant of all he held most dear. And so he took up his old life again—the dingy, plodding, intense life which to Judith had seemed that of a cave man.

A few days later, several of the evening papers gave prominence to a rumor from Paris—the dispatches called it "persistent"—according to which the great manufacturers of the Continent were forming a combination not dissimilar to the one Sears and Penrhyn were promoting. Two of the papers printed editorial articles which took a gloomy view of the motor industry in America. Its chief obstacle, they said, was the popularity of foreign cars. If the great European makers combined to reduce the cost of manufacture, eliminate the cutting of prices and other wastes of competition, American firms would find it very much harder to make head against them. More than ever it was necessary for them to combine.

One of the papers pointed out that the new developments abroad would make the opposition to the American trust at home doubly dangerous. On the following Sunday it printed a special article about Wistar, illustrated with a portrait of his father, already marked by a senatorial beard as of a past generation, a photograph of himself as a member of the 'Varsity Eleven, and recent snapshots of him coming out of his factory and entering his club. The article characterized him as an academic conservative who held the future of the American automobile in his hand.

Midsummer is the time of rumors, and only a few days later came a report that an attempt was on foot to monopolize the output of crude rubber, both in Africa and South America. A trade journal with an imagination remarked that the project presented no greater difficulty than the oil trust had conquered, and that, if it could be brought off, the command of the manufacture of tires would make the rubber monopoly the natural ally of a monopoly in motor-cars.

To Wistar the idea was a palpable mare's nest. And he had as little fear of any combination of the makers of motor-cars in Europe, for he knew—none better—the difficulties which, there as here, stood in the way of such a project. But he saw very clearly that the tactical effect of the rumors would be to strengthen him in the position in which fate had placed him. Beset by enemies at home and abroad, even Mr. Sears might lose faith in the feasibility of his undertaking. Wistar's impulse was to go to the old man frankly and urge reason against his rashness. But this, he saw, would only be to weaken his position, and so tend to defeat his ends. His wiser course was to proceed with all possible boldness, counting upon the ultimate stress of circumstances to force Sears and Penrhyn to make the advances. Yet as time wore on they gave no sign of weakening, but instead pushed forward steadily and boldly.

July found Billy hard at work in town, grimy-handed and clad in oil-smeared overalls. It was his own idea that he should learn the business from the bottom up; and Wistar had advised him to begin in the repair-shop of the garage rather than in the factory, as a young doctor takes a hospital position to study all diseases in all sorts and conditions of men before undertaking a private practice. It was not an easy step down which he had to take—from his self-imposed researches into the case against the trusts to sorting a heap of miscellaneous parts, from first marshal of a graduating class to the helper of a common machinist; but he took it all with a happy combination of dignity and sense of humor.

As the day for the formal and definitive organization of the allies drew near, Penrhyn and Sears gave no sign of weakening, and Wistar fell a prey to increasing anxiety. Meantime a new factor was added to the personal issue. The Sears were spending the summer in town, and Billy was living up to his philosophy of the situation by seeing not little of them. Wistar was convinced that the young man had very much more than a passing interest in May. Before pledging the firm beyond recall, he felt obliged to make sure that his cousin was not repenting his decision, and appointed a conference with him in the office of the garage.

"Mr. Wistar asked me to report to him at four," Billy said to the foreman, raising his voice to drown the shrieking of lathes.

"Tuckered?" shouted that worthy with a grin. He relished hugely the idea of being boss to one of the firm.

"Yes," said Billy, "but this is on the level."

"Ye can go," said the foreman.

The office was dark, except for an occasional shaft of sunlight that darted through the chinks about the awnings: and by contrast with the machine-room it was deliciously cool.

A report like a pistol-shot fell upon Billy's ear from down the block, and then another and another. He started, but lay back in his chair with a smile. An ill-adjusted motor was pounding toward him, unburned gasoline from which was blowing up at intervals in the muffler. For a moment the fusillade ceased, and then there was a nearer report like that of a cannon, followed by a feminine cry of alarm. Billy jumped to his feet, but the sudden pain in his relaxing muscles checked him. Nobody who had been really hurt, he reflected, could make a noise like that.

"Hello, my man!" some one called out, half good-naturedly and half in patronage. "Loafing in the private office? That means the boss isn't here. When'll he be in?"

"Oh, Penrhyn!" Billy answered, without, however, stirring from his chair. "Due now."

"Onderdonk!" said Penrhyn, eying the overalls. "I didn't know you for the glad rags." His manner became suddenly jovial, and he offered to shake hands; but Billy withheld his soiled palm. With a friendly air of burlesque Penrhyn took him by the sleeve and shook his arm.

There was a breeziness in the man's manner and an air of frankness in his big laugh to which most men responded instinctively. "Something up with that motor combination?" Billy asked.

"You want to talk about it?"

"No. Thought you did."

"We gave you a chance to come in on the ground floor. What more do you want? What I'm after is a mechanic. My bubble has bust."

Billy laughed, concealing his disappointment. "*That* your machine? One of your French scorchers? The Yellow Peril, or The Purple Assassin?"

"Neither," answered Penryhn. "It's Irvingdale Smith's new model. Your friend Miss Sears calls it The Petted Polecat. We had just started for a little burst of speed up the Boulevard, when suddenly we stopped—with a burst of something else. Sounded like the gasoline tank."

Billy grinned. Irvingdale Smith was one of the manufacturers, a rival of Wistar's, on whose plant the promoters held an option. Proceeding on the theory that the automobile of the future would be within the means of the man in the street, he had put a gaudy, four-cylinder affair on the market for a very low price. If he had counted on impressing Wistar, he was disappointed. Never had a car better answered to Simeon

Ford's description of a Louis-Quinze body with a tomato-cans engine.

"Your T. C. model?" Billy suggested.

Penrhyn caught the allusion. "Name it and you can have it," he laughed, with inexpugnable joviality. "But, somehow or other, we've got to get on. I've asked Miss Sears and her father to dine at Bardine's. And Bardine, like Sheridan, is twenty miles away."

"Which Miss Sears?" Billy asked, striding toward the door, forgetful now of his stiffening muscles.

Penrhyn laid hold of the straps of his overalls. "I'll tell you," he said, "when you've put a man on the job!"

Billy bethought himself, and pressed a bell. There was a man who might serve the turn—one Andrews, an expert machinist, who had taken to drink and had been reduced to the position of man-of-all-jobs.

Penrhyn's alert and gray-green eyes took Andrews in at a glance—a pallid wastrel, whose red side-whiskers and imperial only emphasized the twitching, hunted look of a degenerate face, and whose eye was already beginning to swim with the day's potations.

"Both of the Misses Sears are out here," Penrhyn said to Billy as they went into the street.

May met Billy with a cordiality that ended in blackening her glove upon his hand before either of them was aware of it. When he blundered an apology, she laughed, and made a pretext of her soiled fingers to lend a hand from time to time in the work of putting in a new muffler. She had spent much time with Billy in his car, and knew more about a motor than either of the men whose aim it was to gain control of all motors.

The garage was crowded with cars and workmen, so they had to work by the curb in the shadow of the buildings, while a knot of idlers gathered about, who divided their time between admiring the gaudy motor-car and advising the motorists to get a horse.

VI

AS WISTAR'S purring motor glided up the gangway into the garage he passed Judith and Penrhyn, who were standing at the door. The sight of her there, on his own threshold, awakened a new melody in his heart. And then came an afterthought more deeply stirring than the first. Was it possible that the presence of the party would lead to overtures of peace?

When he alighted this hope was dispelled.

Penrhyn was eagerly discussing the chance of getting away, and was clearly less interested in Wistar than in Andrews and his work. Judith, however, mingled with the more selfish consideration a sympathetic curiosity as to Andrews.

This enabled Wistar to lead up to the business issue as if by chance. Andrews, he explained, was a chronically lame duck, who had disappointed every hope of reformation. He had given him work in the factory, but had long suspected him of copying the patterns of improvements he was making and selling them to a rival manufacturer in the West, so that every time he brought out a new model this rival was in the field with one like it.

"You mean Irvingdale Smith?" Penrhyn interjected.

"I don't accuse any one," Wistar said.

But the case was common knowledge. Smith was, in fact, the leader in the recent development of unwholesome competition—theft, price-cutting and flimsy workmanship—which constituted the most valid argument for consolidation.

Wistar went on with his story. Finally he had caught Andrews in the drafting-room, stealing plans of one of his inventions. Then he had put him in the garage, where there was less temptation, and the man had promptly taken to drink.

"And, by the way," Wistar concluded, "Smith is getting cold feet about that combination of yours. He's in town, and making overtures to join us fellows."

"We have an option on his plant," Penrhyn observed quite casually. "But, if you want him, you can have him."

"Not I! I've had enough of him!"

They were all silent, and again Wistar was obliged to lament the failure of his hope.

Judith broke the silence to revert to Andrews.

"A universal genius!" Wistar said. "When he's sober he's anything from a bookkeeper to a machinist. When he's drunk he goes in for safe-blowing and religion."

Penrhyn was a bit of a mimic, and as he spoke he gave a spirited parody of the warring phases of Andrews' character. "Safe-blowing!" he exclaimed, stroking his chin. "Hence the dashing red imperial! Religion! Hence the ministerial sideburns!"

"Fire and brimstone," laughed Wistar; "if you call that religion."

A satirical smile flashed across Penrhyn's face. "Isn't that religion enough for sideburns?"

"How does such a man get religion?" Judith asked, incredulous.

"He got his in Sing Sing. When he was released he went to preaching in Madison Square. Unfortunately, he took so much money Sundays that he was drunk most of the week. Yet he seemed to want to pull together, so I gave him a chance."

"I don't see how such a man can be sincere," said Judith, whose knowledge of the depths of human impulse was ill proportioned to her sympathies.

"Nowadays," Wistar suggested, "nobody is insincere—only politely cynical."

"That's it!" laughed Penrhyn: "politely cynical—to preach hell in Madison Square and raise it all over the map."

The brief colloquy, while it confirmed Wistar's dislike of Penrhyn, gave him his first impression of the charm he might have for such a girl as Judith. Upon her inborn refinement and inbred reserve his alert, decisive mentality, fresh animal spirits and hearty spirit of laughter made an impression of almost prismatic brilliance.

The thought recalled him to the issue that lay nearest his heart. Why should he not make use of the present occasion to speak of things as they were to Judith? As the work on the muffler dragged on, he suggested that she come in and sit down in the office. Penrhyn started to follow; but Wistar pointed out that he had better keep an eye on Andrews, and his tone had a touch of authority that made Penrhyn obey, though not without a mute demurrer.

VII

WISTAR outlined the situation briefly but forcibly. "The money your father is using," he concluded, "is yours. I tell you this so that you may, if you will, use your influence to make him reconsider this project in time."

She shook her head. "Father is as confident on his side as you are on yours."

"But not with the same reason—I think I can convince you of that! May I try?"

"The question is whether I could convince him! Mother died, you know, when May was born, and all his lonely life since he has been wrapped up in his dreams of power. I am all he has to take her place. Don't you see? I *have* to stand by him. And this particular venture—it's his ewe lamb!"

"A ewe lamb on Wall Street? Just what will happen to you—if it is sheared?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "For myself—what do girls do when they are poor?"

"Some get work, and some get married."

"You see how easy it is! It sounds like a nursery rhyme! It's for father I'm worried. All his life—and all his fortune!—he has spent trying to show obstinate people how to make money!" She broke off and looked up at him with a little grimace. "And you never will see it!"

Wistar shook his head. "There's one thing more obstinate than people—facts! Here is a fact that is likely to prove very obstinate!" He took from his pocket a package of papers—the matters about which he had come to consult Billy. One set of papers, he explained, related to a new device for transmitting the power to the axles, an invention which, if successful, would be revolutionary. The gasoline motor had been brought to a truly marvelous perfection, and there was no patent on it, anyway; but present methods of gear transmission were crude, almost incredibly crude, involving a great waste of power, trouble in shifting speeds, and a brutal strain on a delicately adjusted mechanism. A patentable device that was economical of power and easily and accurately controlled would be, in effect, a monopoly far more perfect than any trade consolidation could secure. If controlled by any one outside the proposed trust, it would be an almost fatal obstacle to it.

He offered to explain the records of his tests of the gear.

"I'm afraid I shouldn't understand."

"Nor your father, nor Mr. Penrhyn," he said. "But before you commit yourself finally to the promotion, I beg you to send an expert to inquire into this arrangement of Minot's."

"Minot?" she asked with deepened interest—"Mr. Franklin Minot? He was father's first partner in promoting, more than twenty years ago." Then she added, with a sad little shake of her head: "Both of them have seen so many failures since!"

Wistar looked at her with keen curiosity. "You know him? He has all the earmarks of the traditional genius. I've known dozens like him. But he's the only one who is the real thing. Why has he failed?"

"Father is a bit of a genius too," she objected, with a *moue* of amiable protest. Then she said sadly: "Failures, I imagine, are very much alike; it is only success that brings out a man's distinction. They are both terribly set in their ways! Mr. Minot has thrown away chance after chance. He always demands practical control of his inventions, and people who h ve money won't listen to that."

Wistar smiled. "The hard fate of inventors, of which the public hears so much, is generally the result of underestimating the value of efficient business sense, and exaggerating their own importance. He still insists on it. He can't get together enough money to build and test his own model—not even to get out a patent, a hundred dollars! Before he would place the matter in my hands he made me promise to guard his secret as my own. But he asks me to form a company to back him, and then give him the control of the whole concern! Even at that, he says, I shall make more than I have a right to. Yet every few days he drops in to see if there's any chance—he seems to know by instinct when I'm here—and he looks so starved it's all I can do to keep from offering him the price of a dinner."

Minot had married a young girl, Judith related—a friend of her mother's, who had been bred to every luxury. Mrs. Sears had kept track of them until she died, and then Judith, mere girl though she was, had taken them as a sort of legacy in charity. She had seen them go down and down, from their own world to a flat in Harlem, and then to a boarding-house on the fringe of respectability. At present they were living in rooms far over on the East Side, and Mrs. Minot was taking in sewing to keep their child from actual hunger.

"And now, after all," Judith pleaded, "if they can be made rich again, brought back to health and comfort, to the life they were born to, you won't let his obstinacy keep you from helping him?"

Wistar was quick to take advantage of the opening. He looked steadily into her troubled eyes.

"Even if he puts into my hands a fatal weapon against your father?"

In her interest in her old friends Judith had forgotten her own anxiety. Now, when it was recalled to her thus abruptly, her face clouded. "If his success stands in the way of father's," she asked, almost pathetically sincere, "would you think me wrong if I grudged it to him?"

Wistar's heart was no less torn than hers, and the fact brought all his tenderness to the surface. He turned away from her in an effort of self-control.

As he did so the door opened and Minot came in. "I just happened by," he said, as he had so often said before. "And I thought I'd drop in to see if there was any news."

His grizzled hair and famished face struck on Wistar's sympathies as they had never done; and his clothes, worn to a thread, but scrupulously brushed, even pressed, spoke eloquently of the traditions of the gentleman. Again Wistar saw his advantage, and, leaving Judith in her big chair by the window, went to the door and took Minot's hand. "There *is* news," he said, "and good news."

A tremor passed through Minot's wasted frame, but his eyes glowed. "You believe in it!"

"I'm ready to form a company for you. If the thing pans out as I expect, I shall want your concern to work in combination with ours here." It was not necessary to explain the trust situation, for, by this time, the papers were full of it.

Minot leaned against a chair, and a shadow passed across his wan face. "You're not making a fool of me?" he said, almost fiercely.

"The fellow who invented this"—Wistar reassured him—"it would take a sharper man than I to make a fool of him." He put his hand on the shrunken shoulder.

Minot looked up quickly with a touch of long accustomed suspicion. "But you won't give me what I demand—the control of the company! If you meant to—you would be too shrewd to say all this!"

"What you ask," said Wistar, "is all against the general practice. But Mr. Onderdonk and I—when we've got a good thing, and a good man, we deal above board And in this case we can't afford *not* to!"

Minot sank into the chair and buried his face in his hands. "It is I who am making a fool of myself! I hope you'll forgive my suspicion. The fact is, I'm not quite myself to-day. My wife is ill, and I've been so — so worried that I—forgot—to get luncheon."

Wistar understood what Minot only half-expressed.

"In that case," he said, "we'll wait till to-morrow to talk particulars. But if you don't mind I'll write you a check, just to show that we mean business. By the way, you know Miss Sears, don't you?"

Minot, eager and intent, had not noticed her in the darkened room. Now he rose and went to her with a touch of old-fashioned courtesy. "Bless you, Judith!" he said. "You will be as glad as anybody to hear of our good fortune.

When he took the check from Wistar and glanced at it, he smiled, and passed his hand across his forehead. The sum ran into six figures. "I feel as if I were dreaming," he said. "For twenty years I've dreamed of just such a time as this!" In an instant his happiness vanished. He hesitated, and then said quite frankly: "For to-night could you give me something in currency? It's too late to deposit this, and you know—I told you—my wife ——"

Wistar took up the telephone from his desk and spoke to the cashier.

When Minot had gone, Judith came to Wistar and laid a hand lightly upon his shoulder. "It is good of you! Think of them—all of them—health, happiness, after a living death of twenty years!"

Pity is said to be a very poor relation of love; but the emotion of that moment and the affectionate touch of her hand stirred a passion before which Wistar trembled.

He took the hand from his shoulder. "You mustn't be that way with me! I can't stand it!" But he held the soft, firm fingers until she withdrew them.

On his way out of the garage Minot stopped in again at the office. "You remember, it isn't patented?" he said. "You are sure no one has been able to take the idea and get in ahead of us?"

"Quite sure," said Wistar. "But I advise you to get out your papers at once."

"No danger now," Minot laughed. Already he seemed to have grown young and strong.

When he had gone Judith sank back in her chair. "If there must be sorrow," she said, "how merciful to have done with it—before you are old!"

The words recalled Wistar to the affair that concerned them more nearly. But there was no time for sympathy now. He took another paper from the package—a list of the manufacturers who were pledged to stand with him, with the appraiser's statement of the resources of each and the total sales of the previous year. The coalition represented a capital of eighty-seven millions, and an annual sale of almost fifteen thousand cars. "I doubt if your people can show greater strength," Wistar said. "There is no reasonable chance that we shall fail to stand against you. If we do—you realize what it will mean!"

"What *will* it mean?" Judith asked, half-dismayed and half-defiant.

"That we shall have to bring you in your youth, and your father in his age, to what Minot has suffered these twenty years! You know what that will cost us—Minot, and Billy and me."

"You would do that?" she asked. "You *could* do that!"

Wistar hesitated a moment. "I can," he said, "if I must!"

Judith laughed, but now her gayety was forced. "You have the conservatism of the cave man," she said; "and also the cave man's club!"

She rose as she spoke, and together they set out to rejoin her party; but in the gangway of the garage they were met by Penrhyn and Mr. Sears.

VIII

IF PENRHYN had felt Wistar's gentle snubbing, there was no trace of it in his manner. "Sorry to intrude," he said; "but your man Andrews has discharged us for inefficiency. Says what we don't know about automobiles would float a trust on Wall Street. Rather shrewd, that!"

"It is, in fact, about business that we want to speak to you," said Mr. Sears. "Now, when we are on the verge of harsh and destructive measures, chance has thrown us together. May we not use the opportunity for an informal talk?"

The words lifted a weight from Wistar's heart. Here, at last, was the evidence he had been waiting for that his enemies were weakening. "With all my heart!" he exclaimed, leading them back into the office. His instinct was for the jugular vein. Penrhyn represented the money-power of the promoters, and he turned to him with resolution.

But the young financier spoke first. "When you refused to come in with us," he said, with an air of friendliness which his words belied, "you said—I remember the phrase exactly—that you were 'determined to remain your own master.' Master of what, may I ask? We offer you power which is literally beyond the imagination to conceive. The wealth of Monte Cristo! The other day I reckoned it up. I myself, and a score of others, have more money. Among the great men of Wall Street—and you might, if you chose, become one of them—Monte Cristo would not be one-two-three."

Judith may have felt that Penrhyn's appeal was not likely to impress Wistar. "Poor Monte Cristo!" she said. "Think of him. A sort of Three-card Monte!"

"In comparison with the men who control our combination, he would be just about that! In this age the supreme power is industrial. Such men are factors in world-politics!"

Wistar knew that Penrhyn was a rising power in the Street, but he had had no idea that his fortune was so much above the common lot. He was less impressed, however, than he would have been if his own resources were not also vastly beyond the general estimate of them. Far from being disconcerted, he fell into Judith's vein. "I can already see you," he said, "shooting royal grouse at Sandringham with the good King Edward, and dining imperially on the proud ship Hohenzollern."

"Even if He Puts into My Hands a Fatal Weapon Against Your Father?"

The young financier turned upon him with a quick touch of rancor. "What are your ambitions?"

"Very humble, I'm afraid—to be independent, and to make good machines. I am a manufacturer."

"But the combination could make more machines," Penrhyn shot back at him, "and sell them at a lower price! What would you be then? No longer James Wistar, leader of a great industry, but one of the unfit who has fallen in the strife of progress! Whether we wished it or not, in the end we should have to make a meal of you!"

"Then the question reduces itself to this," Wistar answered very quietly—"which dog shall eat dog."

"The only way to find out is to try!"

"There is, I hope, another way." Wistar took up from his desk the papers relating to Minot's gear and briefly explained the device.

Penrhyn became suddenly interested. "How do you know it will work?"

Wistar turned to the records of his own tests in the factory, explaining that they were far beyond anything he had dreamed of as possible.

Penrhyn reached for the papers and began to glance through them.

Wistar took them from him quietly but firmly.

"I have given my word," he said, "that these shall not pass my hand. If there is anything you want to know I will tell you."

"Not patented?" Penrhyn inquired. "Is the idea patentable?"

Wistar did not answer.

"I thought you meant me to see it," Penrhyn protested. "I only want to know if it will work."

"I have gone into it—gone in rather deeply! The time is coming, and coming soon, when no car will be a first-class car without the Minot gear. And we control it! You realize, I hope, that if it came to a fight between us, a thing like that would turn the scales."

"Oh, I see!" laughed Penrhyn. "Just a little bluff to scare us off, eh?"

"Stanley!" Judith cried. "Believe me—I know! Mr. Wistar is only telling us the truth!"

"I have a special reason for not wanting to fight you," Wistar said.

"There are many good reasons," Penrhyn answered.

Wistar flushed, and his voice rose. "The best!" he said. "But not fear!" In a moment he controlled himself. "They are private reasons. You underestimate the fight you are running into! Why not arbitrate the matter—let the facts arbitrate for us?"

Alluding to their recent conversation about Irvingdale Smith, he explained that a number of prominent firms were shifting allegiance to the anti-syndicate. He took up the list of allies from the desk. "The matter has been placed in my hands, and nothing would please us all more than to adjust it without conflict. I will show you this list if you will show us similarly attested data. If it appears that you have the upper hand, we will give in. If it appears that we have, you will know better than to fight us. And I know that we have the upper hand."

He turned away as he spoke, and saw Andrews standing by the door, as if waiting to speak.

"I need a helper," said Andrews, "if I am to put in that muffler. Mr. Onderdonk and the lady got tired."

Wistar nodded, and the man went out, somewhat reluctantly, as it seemed.

When Wistar turned again to Sears and Penrhyn he saw that they had been in hasty argument. To his surprise Penrhyn had the attitude of persuasion.

"I await your answer," Wistar said.

"My dear sir," Sears protested, "there are cases in which, in spite of the best intentions, arbitration is not possible. No man can judge between us—on paper! Even if your side appeared stronger, believing in our cause as we do, we should fight for it—though that you would appear stronger I don't for a moment believe."

"Why not put it to the test, then?"

(Continued on Page 30)

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Milking the Sacred Cow

THEY say in Washington that when the Senate signified its intention to pass the bill prohibiting the sale of liquor in the Capitol, some members of the House who had virtuously voted for the measure when it was before their own body hastened over to the other wing and besought Senators with whom they had influence to stay wicked and kill the bill. They wanted to "vote right"; but they didn't want to be cut off from their toddy. And we notice that the California Legislature, having been properly opened with prayer, appropriated $153,000 for "patronage" in addition to salaries of Assemblymen and Senators. "This $153,000," says the conservative Los Angeles Times, "will go mainly to cheap political guttersnipes who have no valid claim on State or party."

There is scarcely a considerable city in the country that does not have its periodical troubles over "the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday." In Boston recently the police department got no rest on that day because it was kept so busy gathering information against bootblacks, car cleaners, ferrymen and many others who broke the law by laboring on the Sabbath. In Chicago they have been talking of impeaching the mayor because he does not enforce Sunday laws. In nearly every town the same problem comes up.

We wish heartily that every legislature which has decided upon a program of rank dishonesty—and how many of them there have been—would dismiss its chaplain. We should respect a man who openly advocated converting the Congressional Library into a brewery more than one who spoke and voted for prohibition to catch votes and secretly worked to defeat prohibition. Most of the Sunday trouble is rooted in an unlovely political ambition to hold the so-called church vote in one hand and the so-called foreign vote in the other. For our part we think many politicians are mistaken. We do not believe that a show of sham piety is the valuable asset they consider it to be.

"The American public," once said an eminent politician in private talk, "has some sacred cows that nobody can touch save on pain of instant death; these Sunday laws are one of them." So his policy was to keep the cow for exhibition purposes about one fortnight out of the year, and starve it and kick it in the ribs the other eleven and a half months.

Richer than Rockefeller

AT LAST John D. will no longer have to bear the lonely isolation of being the richest man in the world. An obscure lumberman of the Northwest, a Mr. Weyerhaeuser, about whom an article appeared in this magazine some seven years ago, has been rediscovered. He owns or controls, it is said, an acreage of timber lands about five times the size of the State of New Jersey, which, at present prices of lumber, would figure out a fortune that puts the Standard Oil man into the second class.

Mr. Weyerhaeuser has outdone Mr. Rockefeller in another respect: he has managed hitherto to avoid that excessive newspaper publicity so harassing to the Rockefeller spirit. He must be a clever man to have been able to hide his talents so long under the bushel in these days of investigations and Roosevelt. However, they are out now in the limelight of the daily press.

Mr. Weyerhaeuser has made his fortune in the good old way often celebrated by the Sage of Oil: first thrift—saving the pennies—then a gradual lumping up of a natural source of wealth. He has taken lumber instead of oil for his exploitation, and, at the present rate of consumption of that necessary article, especially if a paternal Government can be induced to maintain the tariff against Canadian lumber, his holdings will come to have a value above oil, copper or coal.

It is said, moreover, that Mr. Weyerhaeuser has the same retiring nature, the same simplicity that Mr. Rockefeller has illustrated so conspicuously. Some college president will hurry now to explain that he has been but a beneficent agent in the hand of Providence, and the political economists will talk of the laws of production and exploitation.

Houses Built Upon Sands

THE site of the Astor Library on Fifth Avenue in New York has lately been sold to Mr. Frick, who intends to "improve" the property, when he gets possession, with one of those modern millionaire residences that make the avenue famous. He will have a whole block to spread himself on, and he may rival Mr. Clark, of Montana.

It is interesting to remember that the Astor Library building, erected about thirty years ago, has been considered a masterpiece of one of America's best-known architects, the late R. H. Hunt. The memorial bust of Hunt stands opposite the library on the park side of Fifth Avenue. Will Mr. Frick cause this to be carted away when he shall have made his improvements? It would be a rather bitter piece of irony to leave the bust there, staring over at some creation of the new generation!

This removal of Hunt's work illustrates again the fact that America has discovered the economy of destruction. Buildings scarcely a generation old are thrown into the scrap-heap in order that their ground space may be utilized for taller buildings. It also illustrates the fact that an architect's work in this country is about as ephemeral as the sands of the sea. Perhaps nothing specially worth preserving has yet been built, and, perhaps, we no longer care for architecture apart from its utility—especially the architecture of our fathers. At any rate, about the only buildings that we have taken any great pains to preserve are the Independence Hall of Philadelphia, Faneuil Hall and the old State House in Boston, and a few others that have sentimental and historical associations. Our children will probably get after these.

About Mail Swindlers

THE House of Representatives, as expected, has passed the bill providing for a judicial review of orders excluding persons from the use of the mails. We hardly know what the House wouldn't pass if it didn't affect the tariff, and some influential person urged it and there was no particular public outcry against it.

The most that can be said in favor of this bill is that it promotes uniformity. The police power of the Post-Office department is exceptional. When it finds a rascal using the mails to swindle, it doesn't have to go into court and spend a year or so there in order to get results. It issues a fraud order which stops the rogue's mail and thereby stops his swindle. Thus thieves who steal by mail are put at a serious disadvantage as compared with brother craftsmen who use other methods. They may, and usually do, have money enough to hire most able lawyers. And it is a basic, but unwritten, theory of our system that whoever hires able lawyers gets a certain lease of the law. He may have delays and appeals and quibbles and quirks in proportion to his ability to pay fees. If he can't get off on a technicality, at least he can get a couple of years' leeway. An enterprising swindler can do much in two years. But, if he is swindling by mail, his ability to pay fees is practically of no use to him. The Post-Office Department cuts him off—snip, snap! He cannot go on robbing for a single day, no matter how many lawyers he employs, and the result is hard on certain kinds of legal and swindling talent.

This exceptional situation has long attracted the discontented thoughts of many persons of legal training. The bill that the House has passed is rather expected, we understand, to go far toward correcting it. People who are swindled by mail may not like it, but a good many things are done, simply for lawyer's reasons, that people do not like.

What Will They Do About It?

AN OFFICIAL investigation of the Baltimore and Ohio's late slaughter of fifty passengers at Terra Cotta establishes the fact that the block-signal system was faulty. But without any investigation that fact might have been deduced with much certainty from the circumstances that the collision occurred and the passengers were killed. Whether conditions were such that Sunday night that the engineer could see no signals, nor anything whatever above the boiler of the engine he was driving at the rate of about a mile a minute, or whether the operator's habitual disregard of the rules made the signal system worse than none at all, as alleged, seem to us minor and immaterial questions.

We prefer to heed the mute testimony of the fifty corpses to the one big fact that the road was operated in a manner to invite accident. The same road had killed sixty passengers little more than a month before. To establish that the block-signal system was faulty is an exceedingly lame conclusion.

We know what has always been done in the past—a polite expression of regret, and, if that was not promptly accepted, a shrug of the shoulders. That is the answer we shall receive just as long as we will accept it. Railroads will not protect life except as they are forced to. The Government should, at this session of Congress, take over this matter of protecting passengers. An act should be passed providing that a certain per cent. of the passenger receipts of every railroad be turned over to agents of the Government and by them expended to promote safety on the rails.

We rather think that such an act would impress railroad directors with the new idea that killing people is a serious matter.

Regulating Bliss by Statute

A WESTERN organization of women, already much advanced and still advancing, seeks to learn exactly what rights belong by law to married women in the several States. The inquiry is prompted by no idle curiosity, but by a high resolve to remedy every statutory imperfection in the standing of the wife. In few, if any, States, for example, has she an express legal claim to a definite proportion of the family income. Whatever she has, her husband "gives" her—which some women, we understand, find to be a humiliating position. Again, her dignity is little protected by law. For actual physical violence she has recourse, but if a man chooses to be coarse and insulting to his wife, she cannot invoke an ordinance against him, as any woman who was not his wife might do if she were similarly injured. The most she can do is to ask for a divorce.

The lawyer explains this condition of affairs—and imagines that explanation is justification—on the ground of time-honored precedent. The early law, upon which our modern structure is so fearfully and wonderfully founded, considered the wife as little better than a chattel, and condemned her, at the altar, to what amounted to lifelong servitude. In plain terms, man was making the laws, and he was making them with an eye steadfastly directed to his own interests. The long result was the condition which the Western organization is protesting against to-day.

Nor have the instances cited by any means exhausted the catalogue of woman's legal wrongs. In many other ways the ægis of the law is a mere sieve for a married woman. There is a statute for marrying her, one for divorcing her, and one that finally takes cognizance of her as an item in the vital statistics; but all along the way, save in the rare case of bodily violence, she is left a good deal to shift for herself. In a day so impassioned for legislation, we have sympathy with the desire so to codify the married state that couples will know exactly what their relations and conduct must be under all circumstances. Then matrimony will not be "a road, long and straight and dusty," but a beautiful, double-track, rock-ballasted, air-line railway with automatic block signals at every crossing. In the matter of that before-breakfast grouch the wife will not have to degrade herself by flattering it away. She will merely say: "My love, do not forget article 32, section 17, of the act to regulate conjugal manners." That mysterious feminine chart, the day's shopping list, will contain such little addenda as: "Memo: Have Henry pinched for d——ing the griddle cakes."

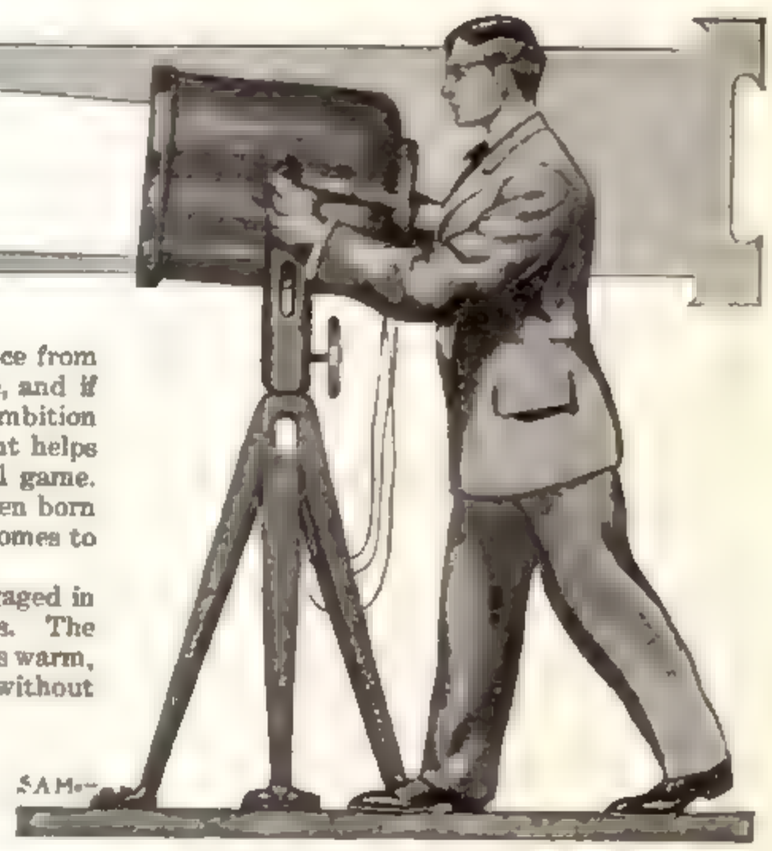
Prattle and Practice

WE ARE afraid that Senator Gearin, of Oregon, is in for trouble. No doubt some of his constituents are rather touchy about the Chinese question. Speaking of the Coast's ancient determination to prevent competition of yellow with white labor, Mr. Gearin said:

"Some of the means adopted to bring about that end were perhaps questionable—might not measure up to the high standard set by the sentimental, altruistic, amateur political economists who prattle about the brotherhood of man."

The Senator seems to have meant to be conservative in his admission that the treatment of Chinamen in the West had not always been ideal. As between the prattle of the brotherhood of man and those methods of discouraging Chinese competition that he brands as perhaps questionable, there is no doubt as to which side his sympathies are on. Nevertheless, we fear he has gone too far and permitted his passion for truth to betray him. If you once admit that tying a Chinaman up by his queue, rolling him down the mountainside in a barrel, or hanging him by the heels is perhaps questionable, you thereby necessarily confess that there is some virtue in the sentimental, altruistic amateurs. It almost puts you in the way toward prattling about brotherhood yourself.

THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY



WHEN we merry villagers of Washington have nothing else to do we go Fairbanksing. Opportunities for engaging in this peculiar pastime are unlimited, for the only time there isn't something doing at the Vice-President's big house is when the Vice-President is doing something somewhere else.

Fairbanksing is taking a hack at and to the hospitality of the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash (by brevet). As soon as the T. S. assumed office he proved to the wide world that he had no intention of becoming a usual Vice-President whose only function was to read the papers eagerly each morning to see if, perchance, the President had fallen off his horse the evening before, had slipped down the side of a cliff, had swallowed a tennis ball or had cut himself severely, not to say fatally, while chopping wood. Not that the reports of the rude health of the President may not rather bore the Vice-President, and not that he does not read the papers, but that he saw no reason why he should be a mummy with a hope and nothing more.

He decided that the Vice-President is an important person—as, indeed, he is in certain contingencies—and he refused to sit and grow moss and lichens on himself. He was and is a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1908, and he sent his scouts out into the country and opened a social campaign in Washington that has made all other Vice-Presidential social campaigns look like reception days on every fourth Tuesday with nobody calling. He went at the thing on a broad scale. His plan was to invite everybody worth inviting to his house as many times as he could get them, and to call in the general public on various occasions. He admitted no superiority on the part of the President because the President has the White House to entertain in and because a Presidential invitation is a command. He looked around and found a White House of his own (with hopes), and every time there was a reception or a function at the White House there was one at his house shortly afterward or just before.

Thus, for three seasons, Washington has been bidden and bidden again to the Fairbanks' house to dinners and musicals and receptions until Fairbanksing is a habit with most people who are on the lists. From time to time he has given an Indiana flavor to his affairs by inviting, as guest of honor, James Whitcomb Riley or George Ade, but mostly he has called in the usual crowd of people who go everywhere in Washington. Never, by any chance, has he overlooked the possibility of votes by leaving out any person who may control some.

Playing Up the Social End

MRS. FAIRBANKS is a clever woman. She proved that by controlling the Daughters of the American Revolution for a long time and by playing the dizzy politics of that organization so skillfully that she had a majority of adorers, even if the minority grew hysterical when they tried to tell how she bossed them. Those who think the control of an organization of mere men is to be compared with the difficulties of controlling an organization of women have another hasty guess. The first task is like sitting in a rocking-chair and looking calmly at the stars when set off against the other.

With this skill Mrs. Fairbanks took charge of the social campaign of her husband. She had an ambition to be a social leader, of course, but she has an ambition to advance from the position of Vice-President's wife to President's wife, and if she overlooked any persons who could help along that ambition nobody here recognizes their claims. The Vice-President helps all he can, but he does not fit gracefully into the social game. He was not born to be a social leader. He may have been born to be President, but he falls over his own feet when it comes to being the real thing at the end of a receiving line.

The Vice-President is handicapped. He is always engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight with his natural characteristics. The stories about his being cold and formal are not true. He is warm, but he does not heat up any. He never goes to a party without spending his entire time trying to be its life, and it isn't his fault if he forgets the points of his stories and tangles them in so many words that when he starts to relate a pleasing incident of his youth in Ohio he ends with a few remarks about the Methodist missionaries who are working in China or a dissertation on the needs of the Congo Free State. He rambles. That is what is the matter with the Vice-President. He wants to be genial and companionable more than any man in the world, but he doesn't know how. Still, he shakes hands with a long and lingering clasp, smiles like a ripe pawpaw and says, "I am gla-d-d-d to see you," with a fervor that is impressive even if it is somewhat artificial.

How to Go and What You Get

WHEN you go Fairbanksing you drop in at the house and after you have stowed away your outer garments you proceed as decorously as possible up the stairs to the long cream-and-gold salon. If some of those Western friends of the Vice-President's saw the punch-bowl they would spell it saloon, but that is neither here nor there, for the Vice-President has wisdom beyond his early training. He has punch, to be sure, but it will do no harm. It is mostly ice and aërated water, with some claret to give it a devilish sort of a look.

There is the Vice-President at the head of the stairs, and stretching down the salon—which is pretty fair for an Indianapolis beginning—is the line of those who assist. "Glad-d-d to see you," carols the Vice-President and away you go, side-stepping along. If your name is Montmorency when you start you come out as Mr. Smith. They hand you rapidly past, and a dozen people inquire, "How do you like Washington?" which is the question everybody asks everybody else, and which is predicated on the proposition that nobody lives in Washington, but that everybody comes here. After you get the full portion of handshakes you stand around and talk about those who are present. That is the real enjoyment of Fairbanksing, for you can always say: "Good gracious! I don't see how she came to get an invitation," or, "Wouldn't it jar you to see that fellow here?"

At one of the recent receptions Representative John Dalzell, with his head cocked on one side like a sparrow, came in and wandered down the line. Finally he struck an eddy that landed him in front of a lady who was most affable, and he began to make conversation, for there was nowhere else for him to go. He ventured a few opinions about the weather and then, gallantly, said: "You must pardon me, but I didn't catch your name."

"Oh," the lady replied, "I am Mrs. Bulkeley, of Connecticut."

"Why, Mrs. Bulkeley," twittered Dalzell, "you do not know how glad I am to meet you. I know your distinguished husband, who serves the State of Connecticut with such distinction in the Senate, and I am charmed to have the honor of greeting his wife."

"And you?" said Mrs. Bulkeley, tapping Dalzell on his arm with her fan. "Remember, I did not get your name either, and I think I should know the man who can turn such pretty compliments."

"Why," the Pittsburg statesman explained, "I am Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania."

Mrs. Bulkeley started, looked hard at Dalzell and then laughed. "Now, Mr. Dalzell," she said, "we had best forget this conversation. It just flashes over me that you took me out to dinner at Senator Dryden's two weeks ago."

Of course, Washington has all sorts of receptions, is surfeited with them, from the ponderous ones of the President to the little affairs of the climbers who can harpoon somebody with a name for a "guest of honor," but none like the ingenuous Fairbanks ones. "Come on," say the Fairbanks folks, "come on everybody, and please do not forget that we are candidates for the Presidency."

The Rooseveltphobia in the Senate is getting worse every day, but nobody but Foraker has become violent as yet, and the signs indicate that most of the rest of the Senators, who talk so bitterly in private, will be able to restrain their public utterances. The story that the crowd at the great public New Year's reception at the White House was only 5800 instead of 8500, which was the number of those who shook hands with the President given out by the chief usher, was received with three cheers in the committee-rooms. It was gravely pointed out that, if this story was true, it signified the popularity of the President is waning and that this fact was recognized at the White House. There were chuckles over the assertion that fewer negroes than usual stood in line to shake hands with the President, and when, a few days later, the report came that there were fewer responses than formerly to the big reception in honor of the Diplomatic Corps, the Senators were positively hysterical with joy—in the seclusion of their inner rooms. They are a fine, courageous lot. They detest the President, and not more than three of them have the nerve to say so except in whispers in a dark corner. The President knows this, too, and he makes no bones of laughing at it.

One of the President's favorite expressions is that he likes his job. He does not bore his visitors with long recitals of his troubles and trials. He never seems to have any, and he is as interested in what is going on and in what he is doing as a boy is who is cutting through the head of a drum to see where the noise comes from.

Roosevelt, Art Critic

NOTHING escapes his attention. He calmly refuses to be bound by precedent or tradition or custom or usage or lack of authority. A few days ago the commission appointed by Congress to decide on the model for the statue to Kosciusko the Government is to erect in Lafayette Square, where the statues of Lafayette and Rochambeau now are and where Baron Steuben will be eventually, considered the fifteen or twenty models submitted by sculptors from all parts of the world and picked out three from which to make a final selection. They thought one of the three was far better than the others and labeled that one number one, designating the others as second and third choices. Then the commission adjourned to meet again another day and make the decision.

The President heard about the eliminations and walked over to see the models. He looked at them carefully. Then he put the one marked number two in first place and relegated the commission's number one to three.

He had no authority to make a selection from those models. That work was especially delegated to Secretary Taft, Senator Wetmore and Representative McCleary. He made the selection, though, and the commission, after looking things over, is of the opinion that the President has them beaten to a pulp when it comes to being an art critic.

The great Lodge-Foraker imbroglio over the Brownsville affair petered out into a compromise resolution that

relieved Senator Foraker of the necessity of slaughtering the President in cold blood on the floor of the Senate, and fixed it so Lodge would not be obliged to give up his cultured life in defense of his bosom friend in the White House. The press gallery shivered a good many shivers during the days when these doughty warriors were rampaging around, for news was dull and the editors demanded stories. The gifted young men of the corps of correspondents had about everything coming off, from a duel between the two champions to a game of clap in and clap out to see which one would win.

Just at the most exciting moment the pussy-footed Senator Crane, of Massachusetts, began moving about and whispering of the value of harmony. He counseled moderation. He said it was well enough for some people to quarrel, but, in his opinion, there was no need, not the slightest, for any gore in this particular situation. He is an oily and an unctuous person, is Crane, and when he had everybody thinking about the blessings of peace, he turned the job over to Senator Aldrich, who sat in the Finance Committee room waiting for the arrangement of the Crane preliminaries. Aldrich pulled a few strings, said a few words, spanked a few sulky ones, and, presto! it was all over. He doesn't like the President any better than any one else, but he despises public ructions. Moreover, Aldrich is the boss of the Senate, and the Senate knows it, and what he says is final.

"Fighting the President," said my Senator, after the compromise had been arranged, "is an interesting and exciting occupation, but it is not so profitable as it might be in these parlous times, because of the unfortunate and embarrassing mania our present President has for fighting back."

IN THE OPEN

Trying to Keep Alive the Bison—Ice Hockey and the Professionals—The East and West as Athletic Competitors

THE effort being made to save the American bison (buffalo) from extinction must stir the sympathy of the world's nature lovers and ought to enlist the active support of every American citizen. It will be to our everlasting discredit if we allow this, the largest of our native wild animals, and in many respects one of the most famous, to pass out of existence; yet precisely that is taking place.

From time to time Congress has been petitioned by individuals and by clubs for Federal recognition of this endeavor; meanwhile the buffalo is passing rapidly. Small herds have been gathered and confined within protected areas in the hope that such segregation might serve to replenish the decrease, but the result develops, rather, that the buffalo in confinement does not thrive. True, the herds keep in good health and breed, but the calf is a weakling, and it is easy to perceive that a short period—a few years—under existing conditions, will close the record of such herds as are now in confinement within limited areas.

The buffalo must be maintained in at least a semi-wild condition if he is to prosper, which calls for a great deal more ground than may be spared within the limits of any zoölogical park. Perhaps the space of the New York Zoölogical Society is considerably the largest in the world of zoölogical gardens, and yet its thirty-five head of buffalo show the imperative need for less restricted conditions.

The disappearance of the buffalo is a well-worn theme, yet it never ceases to be one which we consider with profound interest and unaffected amazement. The world has never known such a slaughter. It is almost beyond belief that of the thousands upon thousands of these animals (so vast in number that a single herd would consume sometimes a day and a night and another day passing a given point) only about one thousand to twelve hundred remain of the once countless total. From numberless to less than fifteen hundred; and in about thirty years!

A herd of 300 head in Canada has a natural reserve in a large triangle northwest of Lake Athabasca. These are called wood bison, but they differ from our plains bison only in having the heavier stern, which comes from a life less harassed, and heavier fur, due to the much colder climate. It is little short of notable that in these days of species-multiplication no new scientific name has been given them; perhaps the explanation rests on the fact that so few explorers have ventured into their country. Up to the day the Hudson Bay Company's steamer made the trip less arduous, only three white men had made the journey—Warburton Pike, Henry Toke Munn and Caspar Whitney, and, even since the way has been made easier, the total number of white adventurers into this region will probably not exceed half a dozen; so the game is pretty well protected from man. In fact, against man it is doubly protected—by the Canadian Government, and by the inaccessibility of its range. So far as it has been able to ascertain, this herd has not increased, though observation must necessarily be rather casual, since its home is visited but rarely by a stray Indian.

The protection which, however, the Canadian Government fails to accord this herd is against wolves, that are in this section the biggest and strongest of the breed anywhere on this continent. It is their killing of the calves that is largely responsible for the failure of the herd to increase, and there seems little immediate prospect of a change for the better, because even though the Canadian Government offer a bounty it probably would not be large enough to be worth while for the scalp-hunter. Until the settlements which have been spreading north from Edmundton reach five or six hundred miles still farther toward the Arctic Circle the question of adequate protection will probably remain unsettled.

How to Help Preserve the Bison

With us, fortunately, the problem is not nearly so complex, and if we do not supply the needed care and protection to the buffalo, it will be for no other reason than because we ourselves do not respond to the effort that is now being made by the American Bison Society. There are two ways in which Americans can help this work: First, by joining the Society for a very small annual fee, which will help provide funds for the prosecution of the good work; and second, by the personal exertion of each and all of us in bringing the necessities of the situation before our respective Representatives and Senators and in urging their help in securing national aid. For it is only by national aid finally that this most picturesque figure of our lost frontier will be saved to us. Thus far, although the results of the general effort are by no means sufficient for immediate needs, yet they are encouraging, and the most encouraging feature is the awakening of Congress.

Last year the Zoölogical Society of New York offered twenty of its herd to the Government if the latter would fence off a suitable range on the Wichita Reserve. The gift was accepted, and Congress appropriated fifteen thousand dollars for fencing and putting up the necessary buildings and corrals. These will be completed by this summer, and next autumn we shall see the beginning of the first practical effort to preserve our buffalo.

The Society is also seeking to induce the New York Legislature to set aside nine square miles of State land in the Adirondacks and to appropriate fifteen thousand dollars for the purchase and maintenance of a small herd in that section. This is likewise an excellent scheme and we hope it will be successful; but the most important and most feasible plan of several proposed seems to be the one which includes purchase by the Government of the remaining herds and distribution in small numbers—a dozen to fifteen head—on different Federal forest reservations throughout the West. This is part and parcel of a general scheme, proposed by the friends of game and forest preservation, for making all national forest reserves also game refuges—one of the most worthy plans in this work that has ever been presented to Congress.

Ice Hockey Needs Housecleaning

Now that football has been reformed and is meeting with the approbation of all those who temper their review with some intelligence, the next game to be taken in hand and cleansed should be ice hockey. Here is a good game—one of the very best at the disposal of the skating American boy; and it is being undermined, ruined in some of our larger Eastern cities, by the covert introduction of professionals and by foul play.

In the East there is a governing, rule-making body called a League, but it appears to exist solely for the purpose of arranging playing schedules, and to regard the conduct of the players and the game as entirely outside its province. At all events it makes no appreciable attempt to check the introduction of professionals or to stop the foul work of its players. In the large Eastern centres—New York, for example—the recruiting of professionals is less now than several years ago, but this is because the money of the most flagrant offending clubs gave out and because others have gone in for straight out-and-out professional teams.

In respect to professionalism, the college teams are happily above criticism, but in the matter of play they are very little better than the clubs. Of course this is a foul spot which could be cleansed in a single season if the League would attend to its business, and especially supervise more closely the list of referees. As it is, there seems to be a tendency to appoint referees who "wink the other eye."

A Word to Western Athletes

A deal of speculation is finding its way into the press as to athletic contests next year between Eastern and Western colleges. According to dispatches Chicago is coming East to play football with Pennsylvania, and Pennsylvania is going West to play football with Michigan; Michigan is talking about withdrawing from the Western College organization and applying to the Eastern Intercollegiate Association for membership; and every year now for some time Wisconsin has been sending an eight-oared crew to Poughkeepsie.

To meet Eastern teams appears to have become an obsession with Western colleges whereas they ought to stay at home and develop local talent. If Wisconsin had given as much energy and money to building up a boating interest on its own waters as it has spent sending a crew to the East, it would now have to its credit a normal, healthful, prosperous home-rowing interest and an annual regatta of distinction, instead of a series of defeats and a deficit. There is a plenty of water and a plenty of material at home; let Wisconsin profit by Harvard's example and introduce bumping races among its classes.

The only game which can, with fairness to each, furnish common meeting ground for Eastern and Western athletes is on the track; and it might be an excellent innovation for the Eastern intercollegiate champions to meet the Western intercollegiate champions alternately on Eastern and Western tracks.

The field for Michigan and Wisconsin energy and devotion is the Middle West, where is material to fully occupy them and competitors full worthy of their best work. This is natural rivalry. Making Eastern dates is the ambition of the professional coach, who thinks he can get reputation, and incidentally increased salary, through showing off his team on the Atlantic coast. The result is neglect of the natural field, forced and untimely development of the team, and a match which, because of many things, is always to the disadvantage of the tired and travel-worn Westerners.

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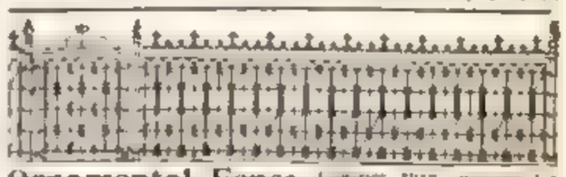

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Hunting the Good and the Great

How Big Game is Captured by the Camera Man

BY CROMWELL CHILDE

IMPERISHABLE in the memories of the newspaper photographers of New York is the famous chase after J. Pierpont Morgan of a battery of nearly twenty cameras up and down Broadway. A thousand citizens had joined in the pursuit when the great financier finally won out, but only because the photographers fell over each other and there was too big a crowd.

Mr. Morgan had been called into the Federal Courts to testify in a noted railroad case. One New York paper not only detailed its crack photographers, but retained, besides, the services of a noted free-lance photographic firm. Spurred on by the guarantee of substantial pay for their time in any event, and the promise of a fine fee for any plate that should show the Wall Street king in action, this organization, whose heads were two daredevil camera men, sent four machines out into the field.

The Federal Courts are in the Post-Office building of New York, where Park Row joins Broadway's busiest section, opposite the Astor House. Morgan entered the building at the upper Broadway end, dodging all cameras except one, jumping from his modest single horse brougham, in company with Charles Steele, right into the elevator, and thence into the Federal Courts. Platoons of photographers trailed him, but the light in the building was too uncertain. Once in the courtroom the financier refused to testify unless every photographer was excluded. The marshal, a burly German, bundled them out neck and crop.

When Morgan came out of the courtroom there was an undignified race down the corridor. The bulky form of the financier shot into an ascending elevator. There was a mad race of photographers up the stairs, but the quarry was lost, hunt as they would.

It was growing late in the afternoon. The camera men surrounded the Post-Office, covering every entrance. Finally, the prey peeped out through one of the doors on the Broadway side and ran for it.

He dashed across Broadway, he dashed back, looking vainly for a cab. After him, around him, in front of him, surged the crowd. Photography was impossible; no man with a camera could get far enough away. Lenses were within six inches of the financier's nose. There was not the hope of a picture, although the game was surrounded.

A Broadway car came bowling downtown, and Morgan sprang upon it. But there was one quicker than he. A photographer had guessed what the big man would do, had leaped on the front platform, chased through the car, and the moment Morgan's feet were planted on the back platform had a camera in his face.

The hunted man dropped off and fled to the sidewalk. He took refuge in a tailor's shop and 'phoned for a cab. The tailor came out in front and tried to "shoo" away the crowd. He could have as easily pushed back the waves of the ocean. The cab came, and the financier hustled out to meet it. He passed between two solid phalanxes of photographers. Not a picture was within the bounds of possibility even then, but every man jack of a photographer took a keen delight in snapping his shutter, that there might be yet more anguish to the hunted man.

Wonderful are the "assignments" given to some of the crack, cheeky photographers. On a deal of this sort the photographer is paid for his time if he "falls down" and a big bonus in case of success. One assignment the cheekiest photographer New York has ever seen got, not long ago, was to spend several days up and down Fifth Avenue and make instantaneous photographs of New York society women on their afternoon and morning walks.

Cornering a Society Woman

This special photographer was well selected for the job because he knows every New York woman of prominence. Up and down the Fifth Avenue trail he camped. Fair success was already his when, on the third day, there turned into the Avenue ahead of him the figure of the famous Mrs. Ogden Mills. Here was a prize. At once the man with the camera was up and doing. He adjusted his reflex box and sped ahead.

Mrs. Mills, very wide awake, saw him immediately. She knew the man and his mission. She quickened her pace. So did the photographer. Half a block and the distinguished society woman was almost running, and the photographer was speeding along at an even quicker pace. It was such a chase that, manœuvre as he would, the photographer could not get a picture.

Biff! Bang! Almost simultaneously the two—society woman and camera man—oblivious to all but themselves, knocked against a policeman on a Fifth Avenue corner. The lady got her breath first.

"Arrest that man," she said, pointing like an avenging fury to the photographer. "He is persecuting me!"

"Ah, g'wan," put in the ready-tongued photographer like a flash. "I wasn't at all. Like to see you arrest me. I was taking the landscape and she came along and got in me way."

The policeman was undecided. He twirled his club with an air of judicial hesitation, and looked from the flushed and excited, beautifully-garbed woman of fashion to the perspiring and disheveled photographer. Just at that moment, in a smart trap, one of the swellest and best-known young men of society in New York—Robert L. Gerry—came by.

Mrs. Mills rushed up to him.

"Oh, Mr. Gerry, what am I to do? This man," pointing out the photographer, "is following me about; he is chasing me, and the policeman won't arrest him."

Robert Gerry surveyed the group and smiled at the pretty lady. "I think, Mrs. Mills," he said, "you had better go home."

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Paid a Wager

Another of the photographer clan was at Ormonde Beach, a year or so ago, in the early days of motor-car racing. A wonderful "snap-shottist," he had taken, at a distance, many photos of Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and his car. Photos of this Vanderbilt scion are rather common now and easy to get. Then, newspaper and periodical publishers valued them almost for their weight in gold, and would pay literally any price for them. What this photographer wanted, however, was a good-sized picture of young Mr. Vanderbilt. He caught him in a highly-beneficent mood one afternoon and proffered his request. "Just one good pose, Mr. Vanderbilt," he said.

Vanderbilt, Jr., nodded. He is always an obliging young man. "Catch me down on the beach some morning," he answered, "and I'll do it."

This photographer is a canny man. There were a good many people at Ormonde then, and each morning that he saw Vanderbilt, Jr., on the beach there were either too many of the Vanderbilt coterie about, or else opposition photographers were in the offing. But here is the photographer's story told by himself:

"He wouldn't have liked to have given me the pose, I knew, with so many people around, and I wasn't going to take a picture and have every newspaper piker get the same thing after all my trouble of arranging. So I waited for a good opportunity. It didn't come, though. The third, fourth and fifth day slipped away. Finally, it was my last day there. I had to go home on the morrow. There was a good chance of my not getting it at all.

"That afternoon, at the flying start of one of the races, Mr. Vanderbilt drove up in his car. A lot of prominent people were there alongside of him, a good many society men of New York among them. I remember Santos Dumont and James L. Breeze particularly. I stepped out and spoke to Mr. Vanderbilt, reminding him of his promise; well, it wasn't precisely a promise, but of what he had said.

"'Oh, no' he replied. 'Not now!'

"'But I'm going home to-morrow, Mr. Vanderbilt,' I persisted, 'and you agreed to let me have a pose.'

"Everybody could hear us, of course, but I didn't care then. I was determined to have that picture.

"Mr. Vanderbilt kept on saying no, and I kept on persisting. Suddenly he said very quietly:

"'I'll match you for it.'

"'I'll go you,' I said.

"Willie K., Jr., took a silver dollar out of his pocket and spun it in the air. 'Tails,' I hollered. It came down tails. I had won and Willie K. had lost. All Willie K., Jr.'s, friends were looking on eagerly and chuckling. 'All right,' said Willie K.

"Now I knew I had him—for any kind of a picture I wanted. Before that I should have, of course, asked him politely; but I had won fairly. I took my camera, climbed up on the springs in the front of the machine, and commenced to focus right in his face, less than three feet away.

"'Here, I won't stand for that,' said Willie K. And, quick as a wink, he grabbed a cushion and put it up in front of his face.

"I wanted that picture—I was making a specialty of big faces then, and here was the best chance I had ever had. I wasn't going to let it slip. So I appealed to the crowd of Willie K.'s friends.

"'Gentlemen,' I cried, 'you saw me win the toss. Didn't I win it fairly? Can't I take any picture I want?'

"'Yes!' the Vanderbilt crowd yelled. 'Sure you can. It's your picture. Let him do it, Vanderbilt.'

"Vanderbilt grinned. Then he took down the cushion. 'Go ahead,' he said.

"The picture was rather spoiled by the grin on Willie K.'s face, but, for all that, it was the best picture I have ever taken."

"Stratagem, stratagem!" says one of the most expert of the clan. "Diamond cut diamond! Beat 'em at their own game." This photographer was sent out to get a "playing picture" of Miss Genevieve Hecker (now Mrs. Charles T. Stout), then national woman's golf champion. Miss Hecker hated photographers, and took much delight in circumventing them. Jones, as he may be called, tucked a very small camera inside his coat, put the pneumatic bulb in his trousers' pocket and elaborately carried out on the links his big reflex camera. He approached Miss Hecker with effective stage play. Thereupon, the famous young woman turned her back upon him. Jones walked a few steps to the club-house and set his big camera on the end of the piazza with every appearance of concern and disappointment. The young girl noted his forbearance, he could see that. Then, nonchalantly, he came up in front of her and, pressing the bulb, got her picture in his little concealed camera.

The Sassy Photographer

There is a tradition that of all famous people the late William C. Whitney, though frequently out in the open, was the hardest to photograph. His ears seemed to be strained to catch the click of a camera shutter, and upon the sound, quick as a flash, he would turn, and leave upon the plate only the very fine image of a back.

Not infrequently the photographer is not only impertinent but brutally rude. There is one New York man who can best any one that ever entered into a war of words. At the automobile races on Long Island a year or so ago, the Duchess of Marlborough occupied a conspicuous place on the grandstand. Near her was Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and many others of the Good and Great. It was a photographer's life opportunity; and this man, taking a convenient position, snap-shotted her Grace of Marlborough and the ladies with her beyond all endurance. It finally became too much for Mrs. Belmont.

"I wish you'd go away and stop photographing me," she said. "Go away; you're annoying me intensely."

It did not phase the photographer at all. "It ain't you I'm after," he rudely replied. "It's the Duchess."

Mrs. Belmont flushed. "Well, at any rate," she cried, "you've been after me time and again."

"Yes, but that ain't now," the photographer said with a grin. "That was fifteen years ago. It's the Duchess now."

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One of the best instantaneous photographs of the famous Harry Lehr shows how the unexpected helping hand sometimes comes in. Mr. Lehr, as is well known, is permanently at war with photographers. He was, upon this occasion, standing on a Newport sidewalk, talking to Colonel William Jay. A carriage with a lady in it was at the curb. One of the tribe of photographers came along and made for Lehr. The cotillon leader, with one flying leap, landed in the carriage, sheltering himself behind its feminine occupant. The photographer advanced, determined to do the best he could. Colonel Jay did not exactly wink, but there was a peculiar expression in his eye. He slipped around the carriage, and, at just the proper instant, by a well-directed push, shoved Lehr forward in perfect line with the camera.

A Conspiracy with a Colonel

There is a photographer that has interesting stories to tell of President Roosevelt and Miss Alice that was, now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. He was down in Cuba when Miss Roosevelt was paying one of her girlhood visits there, and wanted a good picture of her. Long before she became Mrs. Longworth the President's daughter was tamed by the camera. But, at that time, she was both coquettish and coy. The photographer could not get it. Finally, he heard of a pink tea to be given in her honor. Here was his chance.

The tea was to be at the home of Colonel Roberts, U. S. A. Mr. Photographer went confidentially to the military man and unfolded his woes; how he was going to leave Cuba almost immediately, how he would like to have ——

"Why, I should like to have one of her myself," said the Colonel.

Then the scheming photographer knew he had his man. With the genial Colonel and his wife they planned out a regular stage setting. The tea-table for Miss Roosevelt was to be in a tent. Behind drapings of American flags the photographer placed his camera, leaving only the lens sticking out. Then he, the Colonel and Mrs. Colonel shamelessly posed everything and everybody beforehand, with the central vacant space for Miss Roosevelt.

She came, and, with the party, trooped into the tent. A young man carelessly stood just inside. Miss Roosevelt probably never noticed him. She moved over, unsuspiciously, to where they told her, and then ——

"Miss Roosevelt, one moment, please! Steady, only a moment!" The young man had taken off the cap. All that could be seen of the camera was one glass eye in among the flags.

The young girl never moved. She looked up steadily, as she had been told, with just a little flush on her cheek.

"All over! Thank you." The photographer replaced the cap. It proved one of the most perfect pictures ever taken of Miss Roosevelt.

Another scene is the road leading from Oyster Bay to the President's country home. It is election day, and the expert photographer, specially engaged for the occasion, egged on by a yellow reporter, having taken pictures of Roosevelt, as he says, "upside down and downside up," is now speeding in a country hack behind the President's private rig, snapping his back. The President, in between trains, is paying a visit to his house. At the last turn in the road reporter and photographer jump out and make a short cut afoot. The reporter's scheme is to have the photographer snap the President just as he is setting foot on the roadway in front of the house. What did actually happen the photographer tells in his own words:

"I got on the piazza just in time. I had my camera fixed when the President drove up. As he stepped out of the carriage and I was all but taking the snap a big dog, one of the biggest I have ever seen, ran out of the doorway. He leaped for Roosevelt, and put his forepaws on his shoulder. Gee, but that dog was glad to see him home!

"M-m, wasn't that a picture! It was almost taken, but it never was. The President saw me. He just raised his hand a little.

"'Private property,' he said."

The Camera's Enemy

Miss Helen Gould, photographers say, is the most bitter enemy to newspaper camera fiends of any prominent woman; and, whenever she is abroad, she has with her one or two feminine friends or attendants who protect and shield her.

Miss Gould was caught by one of these resourceful men just as she was coming off a boat at the Battery one afternoon. For once she escaped. One of her feminine bodyguards stepped forward and received the camera's charge. Then she faced the photographer stingingly. "Horrid thing!" she hissed.

The prettiest picture ever made of the famous New York society leader, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, showing her in a white lace gown of great beauty, was taken at the recent wedding of Miss Cynthia Roche. Mrs. Fish, waiting for her carriage, hemmed in by celebrities, was a tempting possibility for a snap-shot. There was but one way to do the trick. One wily photographer saw it. The carriage ahead of Mrs. Fish's was just being loaded. Running out in the street between the line of carriages and the trolley cars—this was at Grace Church, on Broadway—he leaned down, tilted his camera a trifle, and shot under the horses' heads. Probably Mrs. Fish never knew. If she did, she uttered no sign, she did not move. The photographer has sold that picture again and again.

And Patience Won Out

Revenge is often sweet—to a photographer. A certain New York paper has a very daring specimen of this genus. It has also upon its staff a brilliant writer, Reginald Foster. Mr. Foster is a man of large social acquaintance and good position; and highly connected. Among his personal friends are the Vanderbilts. He does not care, naturally, to use them in a newspaper way.

Mr. Foster is a member of one of the crack organizations of the New York National Guard. A summer or two ago he went up to Peekskill, the New York military camp, on duty. The daring photographer was assigned to get some striking photos of men of prominence on the tented streets. He knew Mr. Foster, of course.

Now, one of the Vanderbilts was a member of that military organization at that time. The camera man had seen him slip into a tent. Mr. Foster was standing in the company street. The photographer walked up to him.

"Say, Foster," he remarked in his cheekiest manner, "get Vanderbilt to come out and pose for me, won't you?"

Mr. Foster drew himself up. He answered in perhaps severer, more caustic, tones than necessary:

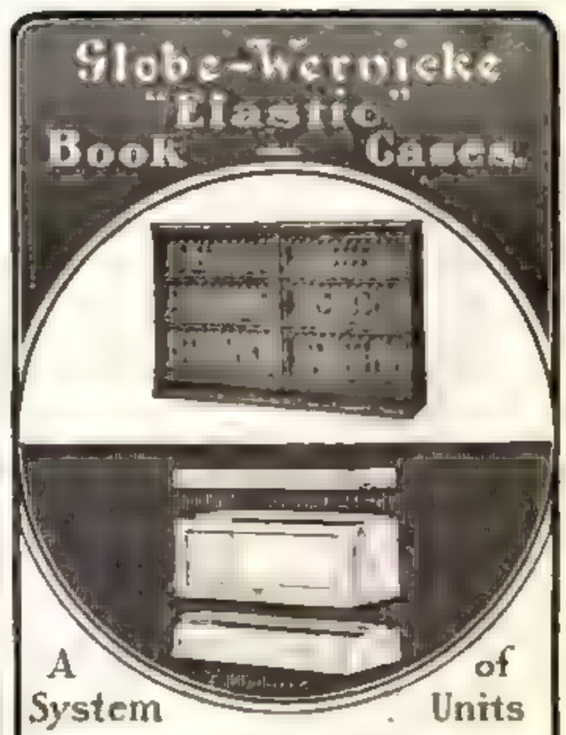
"I want you to remember, sir, that here I am a member of Squadron X, not on the staff of the New York ——"

With that he disappeared into the same tent where Mr. Vanderbilt had gone a few moments before. The photographer did not seem to feel at all badly. He made ready his camera for expert work, sat down in front of the tent, and waited.

A half-hour passed and nothing had transpired. Suddenly, the tent flap was parted and out walked Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Foster, chatting.

As impressively as he knew how the photographer snapped Mr. Vanderbilt. Then he turned to Mr. Foster.

"Thank you, Reginald," he said.



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LITERARY FOLK

THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

Railroad Dope

IN JANE CABLE, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon has revived the venerable foundling child, the mystery of whose uncertain birth hangs like a cloud over the fortunes of a few amiable puppets. There is also a villain, a blackmailing lawyer and a grotesque, Dickensy clerk. For scene there is high life in Chicago, with a few chapters of Philippine incident for martial and hospital interest. The noble sentiments abound, of course: they are turned on phonographically, and it makes little difference who talks them. Psychologically, a Bowery melodrama would put Mr. McCutcheon to shame, and more intelligence could be expected from a child of six than is displayed by Jane and her circle. The book belongs to what is known as "train literature."

More Second-Hand Wisdom

IT WAS inevitable, when Mr. Winston Churchill set the example of a popular novelist going in for politics and running for a governorship, that some bookmaker should lay hold of the situation and work it up for his next production. Thus it is that, in Half a Rogue, Mr. Harold MacGrath has made his hero a successful dramatist, who returns to his native town, enters politics, runs for the governorship of the State of New York, and, conforming to the popular idea of reform, is defeated by a small majority owing to the corrupt labor vote. There is, of course, a chorus of Irish bosses and venal labor-leaders; there are also a strike, pages of talk about the labor situation, and spicy pictures of social life in Herculaneum, New York. As a story of our own day, very much up to date, it has that curious quality of utter unreality that only a flimsy, modern novel can give—something stranger than a Prisoner of Zenda romance so far as actual truth is concerned, though it deals with New York and Syracuse, with mill-owners and the theatre.

Apart from the story Mr. MacGrath apparently prides himself on his philosophy—those nuggets of sententious wisdom which are dropped liberally through his pages, such as the following—to glean a handful from a rich field: "We hate two kinds of people: the people we wrong and the people who wrong us"; "A woman with wrinkles is always hopeful"; "No man is a hero to his valet; no woman is a beauty to her maid"; "Truly, marriage is a voyage of discovery, for which there are no relief expeditions"; "The world is empty," etc., etc.

Life on the Great Divide

ANOTHER Chicagoan has written one of the "season's six best sellers." Spearman's Whispering Smith is a real book and it deserves to be read anywhere. As a connected, developed story it does not pretend to much art, and the love-making is managed in the usual boyish, shamefaced American fashion. It is not over sweet, however; there is not much of it, not enough to interfere with the story. The main thing is the men—a group of hard-working, hard-fighting, daring Americans engaged in running the mountain division of a great, trans-continental road, with a few bad cowboys and ranchers to add flavor. The effort to keep traffic moving over the mountains, to defend the railroad from "bad men," provides enough romance to make the blood sparkle. There is shooting on every other page, and it is convincing gun-play, too. The character of the book is the chief of the railroad secret service, whose duty it is to protect the property of the road in a lawless community. He is a mountain Sherlock Holmes, a fresher, gentler, cleaner Sherlock, not so subtle as his English cousin, but more lovable. The engineer McCloud is as good a sort of American young man as is to be found in life or in novels. There is no literary adornment to Whispering Smith: the episodes are told briskly, briefly, as the men of the mountains would have seen them. Yet the wind of the upper Rockies blows invigoratingly through the pages.

This novel belongs to The Virginian class, and is not far below its celebrated forerunner. They are not so much novels as graphically pictured scenes illustrating a few characters that are drawn boldly, sympathetically. In their way they are the strongest books being done to-day toward creating a national literature. They contain both romance and realism—satisfy the heart and stir the imagination.

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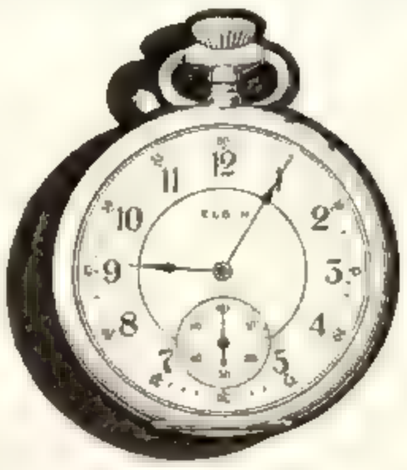

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PLAYER FOLK

H. A. Jones and His Bacon

AT A DINNER given to Henry Arthur Jones, Bronson Howard, who presided, accused the English playwright of not being the author of his own plays. He had proof positive that Mr. Jones did not possess ordinary human intelligence: there must be a Bacon in the woodpile.

Years ago he fell in with Mr. Jones on a bicycle tour in England, and after dining together at an inn Mr. Jones, who was taking the train for London, ordered the hotel omnibus. As the station was less than a quarter of a mile away, and Mr. Jones is the possessor of an extra stout pair of legs, Mr. Howard concluded that the wheel must have been sent on ahead. But at the final moment, the porter hoisted it to the roof of the bus. Mr. Jones bowled away alone in the empty vehicle with his bicycle perched aloft. Was it conceivable that such a man was the author of The Liars and The Hypocrites?

Mr. Jones smiled at the accusation and said nothing; but there were those who remembered the exploit of another Englishman of genius, Sir Isaac Newton, who made a big hole in his barn door for the cat and a little hole for the kitten.

A Successful Poetic Drama

IT IS a fact worth noting that Sothern and Marlowe are now appearing with success in a new blank-verse play by a young American poet. Mr. Percy Mackay's Jeanne D'Arc (*The Macmillan Company*) may not be a great drama, nor a great piece of literature—it certainly is not "the great American play"—but it is a very feeling and poetic rendering of the old legend and also an excellent piece of theatrical adaptation. It is not merely declamatory blank verse, nor is it a string of situations for the stars. It has the qualities of literature—fancy, charm, dramatic interpretation of character, style. And it acts as well as reads.

The fact that even one poet in our country finds it possible to do such serious work, with real literary value, as Jeanne D'Arc and The Canterbury Pilgrims, and finds leading actors willing to present his poetic plays with approval and box-office success before American audiences, should hearten those who are wont to think gloomily about the state of American letters. One is inclined to believe that there is no real trouble with American audiences or the reading public if good things are put before them. Pretentious mediocrity and dull literariness they will not stand. But they will take almost anything in book or play that has human interest, even if it be serious.

Mr. Conried's Reverence for Art

THOUGH director of the Metropolitan Opera House, devoted to grand opera, and prospective head of the New Theatre in New York, devoted purely to the cause of dramatic art, Herr Heinrich Conried has the reputation of being himself primarily devoted to the main chance. A very clever caricature of Haskell's shows him in the act of performing on his favorite musical instrument, the cash register. A characteristic exploit, and one he himself lately recounted with evident satisfaction, was in having an elaborate operatic production painted in Vienna at such a reduction in price that, after paying transportation and duty, his ledger still showed a balance of five hundred dollars to offset the neglect of the native scenic artist. When he lets go a dollar, the American and the Austrian eagles scream in unison.

He has not, however, reached his present eminence without ability of a very high order, and even artistic ideals. He began life as an actor, though a humble one, in the Hofburg Theatre of his native city, Vienna, next to the Theatre Français, the most distinguished in Europe; and he gained his reputation in America as the head of the German theatre in Irving Place, which he conducted in accordance with Continental ideals, and which was long known as the most artistic playhouse in New York.

One of the founders of the New Theatre, who is also a stockholder in the Opera House, tells a story which is in grateful contrast to those usually circulated. He is susceptible to drafts, and the first time he went on the stage of the Metropolitan with Mr. Conried he kept on his hat. Mr. Conried politely but firmly asked him to take it off. In Vienna, he said, it was the rule of the Hofburg that every one take off his hat on the stage to symbolize a due reverence for the art of the theatre. He had always insisted on this at the Irving Place Theatre, and he was doing the same in the Opera House. The point is a small one, the founder added, and characteristic of the elaborate courtesy of the Viennese, but it marks the precise difference between the spirit of the stage as it should be in America and as it is. And it is a striking fact that, with all the criticism of Herr Conried, no one has been suggested who, on the score of managerial experience and ability, can dispute his claim to the new directorship.

Victor Herbert, Librettist

VICTOR HERBERT is an Irishman of large personality and ready sympathy, but he has not escaped the usual fate of the composer in running counter to the men who write the words to which he has to give a musical setting.

At a large theatrical dinner recently the autograph fiend was more than usually busy, and, while Mr. Herbert was engrossed in conversation with the man on his right, a mountain of menus accumulated unobserved on his left, already scribbled over with signatures. Finally his attention was called to them. At first he was aghast, but he finally borrowed a pencil and said: "Oh, well! I'll show 'em I can write as well as those d——d librettists."

The task cost him his dessert, and when he had finished the man on his right timidly held out a menu as yet blank. "If you will write me one of those songs without music," he said, "I promise that it shall remain in solitary state."

"A song without music, is it?" Mr. Herbert said, in good-natured self-satire. "Very well, then!" And scoring five lines and a clef he wrote the most charming airs of his two latest scores, Mademoiselle Modiste and The Red Mill.

The Serious American Public

MISS ELIZABETH MARBURY is of the opinion that our national reputation as jokesters has been very much exaggerated. As originator of the idea of the dramatic agency and business representative of leading foreign as well as native authors she has almost unique facilities for ascertaining the precise state of the public taste.

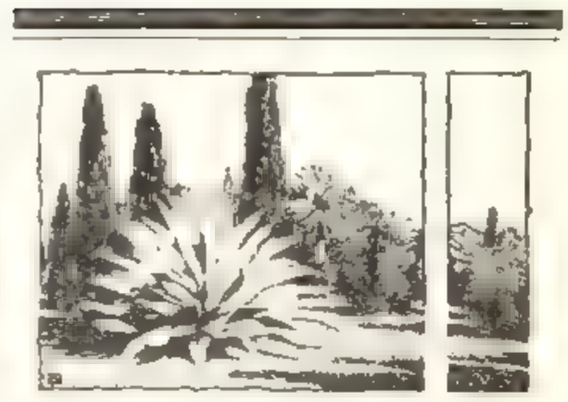
The "roaring" farce of a decade ago, she says, has died a melancholy death. Even the lighter order of modern play is losing its appeal. Repeatedly she has seen two pieces go on the road, one mere merriment and the other mainly serious, and almost without fail the weekly box-office returns show that the play of real life and of sincere artistic intention lives longer and attracts larger audiences.

Actors and theatrical managers are debarred by the very conditions of their life from coming in contact with a big, representative public. They live in hotels, eat in restaurants, and have as friends mainly the hangers-on of the theatrical and sporting world. Their constant aim is to hit the taste of Broadway—the great yellow way of newfangled arc lights, lobster palaces and pool rooms. But this is the smallest and least representative fraction of American life.

Ours is a nation which in a hundred years has built itself up from a mere outskirt of civilization into the wealthiest and, on the whole, the best educated nation in the history of the world. It has only to believe a play is artistic to flock to it.

The Heroic Gobbler

LAST Thanksgiving one of the guests Clyde Fitch assembled at his country house offered to supply the dinner-cards. When the host sat down he was confronted by the picture of a finely-strutting turkey. Underneath was a quotation from the death scene of Nathan Hale—and from history: "I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country."



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Oddities and Novelties
OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

THE INNOCENT LOBSTER—WHOLESOME EATING IF ONLY HE GOES FROM SEA TO TABLE QUICKLY.

INCIDENTALLY to the crusade in behalf of healthful foods, it is urged that the plugged lobster claw should be done away with. For it seems that the plug, which saves many a fishmonger from being pinched—and the pinch of a lobster is no trifle—causes gangrene, rendering the meat of the claw unwholesome.

The lobster has always been regarded as in some degree a dangerous article of diet, inasmuch as severe and occasionally fatal indigestion has been known to follow the eating of it. Probably it is on this account that popular prejudice attributes poisonous properties to certain parts of the animal—more particularly the so-called "lady," which is an apparatus for grinding the food, found in the stomach. As a matter of fact, however, no portion of a lobster is otherwise than wholesome, if the crustacean is fresh and properly cleaned before being eaten.

Unfortunately, lobsters that have died a natural death are often cooked and served; and so likewise are a great many sick lobsters, which have been too long out of their native element. In either case they are not wholesome, and, if eaten, ptomaine poisoning is liable to follow.

Every good housewife, in preparing crabs for the table, is careful to remove the so-called "dead-man's fingers," which are understood to be poisonous. The truth is, however, that they are no more poisonous than the claws. Why should they be, indeed? They are the gills of the animal, through which it continually keeps pumping a supply of water to furnish it with the oxygen it requires. The real trouble with crabs is that they are scavengers—foul-feeders which devour anything they come across that is dead. Consequently when caught they are liable to contain, in their intestinal tracts, more or less decomposed matter. Unless this is carefully removed by washing, a person who eats them is liable to suffer from ptomaine poisoning. But soft crabs are always perfectly safe, because, incidentally to throwing off their shells, they have literally coughed up the entire lining of their interior department; and, inasmuch as they do not eat anything until the new shell has hardened, they are absolutely clean.

CAPTURED HAILSTONES—LITTLE MISSILES OF ICE-ENCASED AIR WHICH HAVE SEVERAL SKINS.

YOU must first catch your hailstone in a proper manner if you would make a satisfactory study of it. The Weather Bureau says that a bed of soft cotton will serve the purpose very well, or even a barrel half full of water. The idea, of course, is to prevent injury to the little projectile when it lands. Not only is it likely to be broken or otherwise damaged, but, the energy of gravity acting upon it being suddenly transformed into heat, it may be partly melted.

The formation of hailstones is still regarded by science as a good deal of a puzzle, and hence it is that any new facts relating to them are eagerly sought. In order to observe their structure to advantage they should be captured uninjured—whence the contrivances for the purpose above suggested. Best of all, however, appears to be a piece of strong cloth or paper spread upon water in a barrel or other suitable receptacle. It will serve to catch even a large hailstone nicely.

One of the puzzles about these stones is that, when melted in water, they will usually give up a bubble of air. Where does the air-bubble come from? The probability seems to be that the beginning of the hailstone was a large drop of water formed high in the atmosphere, containing a little dissolved air. It is a fact that cold water is able to dissolve a considerable percentage of its volume of air, which is forced out by freezing. Thus, when the drop is frozen, a bubble of compressed air remains in the middle of it.

There is another kind of hailstone, with nucleus of white, opaque ice, surrounding which is an envelope of clear ice. Probably at the beginning it was a tiny ball of snow, upon which water from the atmosphere gathered and was frozen; and in this way the air contained in the snow was imprisoned—to be liberated as a bubble when the hailstone is melted under water. To observe this phenomenon to advantage, the tiny missile from the skies should be crushed beneath the surface.

It is supposed that hailstones tend to increase in size as they approach the earth, through acquiring fresh coats of ice. In the region from which they start the cold is very intense—perhaps hundreds of degrees below zero sometimes—and hence it is not surprising to find that the nucleus should have a much lower temperature than the outer envelope. By measuring such temperatures a pretty good notion is obtained of the altitude at which the hailstones were formed.

PLANTS THAT FORETELL WEATHER—RESPOND TO ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS IN ORDER TO PRESERVE THEIR GROWTH.

MUCH advertisement has recently been given to a plant, said to grow in southern California, which, if newspaper stories are to be believed, indicates the coming weather, fair or foul. As a matter of fact, there are many such plants, known in various parts of the world, which are relied upon locally as prognosticators.

For instance, there is a modest little plant, known to botanists as *Meibomia triflora*, which is related to the common field clover. It looks, indeed, somewhat like clover. In southern Florida it is quite plentiful, as well as in Porto Rico, and all around the sub-tropical belt of the world. It is found even on the island of Guam, our most tiny insular possession, where the natives look upon it as possessed of a mysterious intelligence.

But the truth is that the closing, or folding, of the leaves of this and other weather-predicting plants—upon which phenomenon dependence is placed for the hints they afford in the way of forecasts—has relation to something very different from what is popularly imagined. They fold their leaves when sunshine wanes; and thus the *Meibomia*, as well as other vegetable species which are affected in a similar manner, closes its foliage in the nighttime—the object being, apparently, to exclude moisture.

On cloudy days they do the same thing. Moisture, which at night would be likely to be contributed by dew, has a tendency to cause chill; and, in addition, it catches germs of the fungous diseases which prey upon plants. Hence the act of folding is to be regarded as a measure of precaution. When the light wanes the leaves close; and thus the clouds, which, from the plants' point of view, produce a partial night, have the same sort of influence.

GROWING CLAWS FOR MARKET—AN ANNUAL SUPPLY SECURED FOR SPANISH EPICURES FROM FIDDLER CRABS.

RECENTLY a French scientist, visiting a great fair in the neighborhood of Cadiz, took notice of the extraordinary number of crayfish claws which, carried by women on trays, were being sold by hundreds of thousands. Only the claws were offered for sale, with no sign of bodies or tails; but the most remarkable feature of the case was that the claws were all of them right-hand claws.

On investigation the scientist discovered that the animals represented were not crayfish at all. The claws were those of fiddler crabs, of a particular species extremely plentiful along the shores of the Gulf of Cadiz. Like other crustaceans of this kind, they have only one, the right, claw largely developed, the other being very small.

However, these fiddlers are not captured and destroyed for the sake of their single claw. They are merely deprived of the member and released, in order that they may grow a fresh one. By this ingenious means the little crabs are made to furnish a regular annual crop of claws, which are greatly prized by Spanish epicures.

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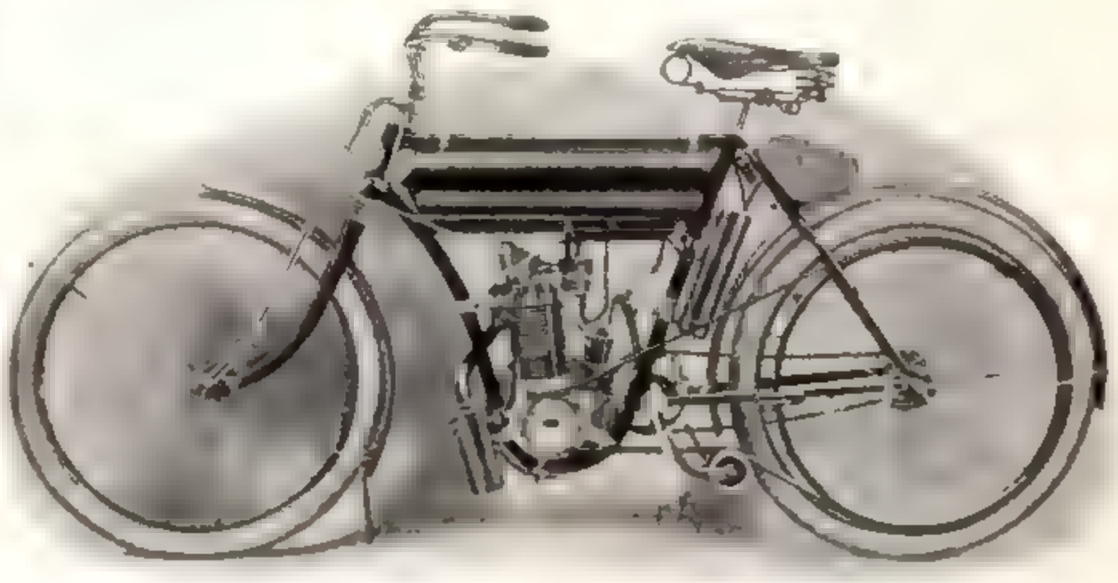

fork will carry you over the roughest, toughest, cobble-stone pavement or country road with less vibration than the best automobile built.

In other words, the hoped-for motor-cycle—the motor-cycle you can enjoy—is here in the perfected Yale-California.

Experimenting ended in the case of the Yale-California more than a year ago. We've kept on improving, improving, improving ever since—and in the meanwhile the most complete motor-cycle factory in the world has been working at fever heat to keep up with the demand.

We hadn't marketed half a dozen of the perfected Yale-Californias before the public began to recognize that a revolution had occurred. The motor alone—we build and test every one ourselves—was a revelation. The cushion-fork was revelation No. 2; the carburetor revelation No. 3; the control revelation No. 4; and the advantage of the unbreakable belt-transmission revelation No. 5.

You'd be amazed what a variety of people have become Yale-California owners and enthusiasts. Doctors, lawyers, teachers, architects, and professional men of every description; letter carriers, collectors, clerks, and book-keepers; owners of suburban homes who whizz back and forth from the city; workmen, messengers, and dwellers in small towns, anxious to annihilate distance and save time—an army of people in every walk of life have "taken" to the trim, racy, dependable Yale-California, as the public took to the safety bicycle years ago.

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How I Lost My Savings

The Man with the Toilet Water

I MANAGED to save about four hundred dollars out of my weekly allowance received from my husband, and put it on deposit with a local savings-bank, receiving a deposit-book, which I put with many other papers in a large cut-glass berry bowl in my china-closet.

About this time my seven-year-old son, however, started to attend school, and he became very enthusiastic about writing, scrawling all over the wall-paper in our flat. Every paper or book that would show a lead-pencil mark he would ornament with his childish hieroglyphics. He only was contented when he had pencil and paper.

One day, in my absence, and in mischief, he got into the china-closet, found my deposit-book, scrawled up a few pages and then carried it out on the street to show his child friends. I never missed it, and in the street it must have fallen into the hands of some sharper.

Some time afterward a smooth, slick, talkative, young fellow came to my door, offering to introduce a certain toilet water for use on the hands and skin. He said he was only advertising this and was distributing full-size bottles free of charge simply to introduce it. Of course something for nothing interested me. All he asked from me was an answer to a few questions, which I too gladly gave. If I remember rightly these were some of them: "Where were you born?" "How long have you resided here and where previous?" "What is your age?" "What is your maiden name?" These he jotted down; also the names and addresses of a few of my friends. Then he asked me to sign my name, handing me the slip and his fountain pen.

I hesitated a moment, looked over the sheet to see if I wasn't signing for something I later would be responsible for, but no, it was only a blank piece of paper with a few questions on it. I signed it as Mrs. So-and-So, but he wanted my given name, so I also signed that.

At the time it seemed strange to me that he should want so much information, and I inquired why he wanted it. He told me it was simply so his firm could send advertising calendars to me and my friends. After thanking me he departed, leaving me happy at having received a large bottle of toilet water free.

A few weeks later I discovered my deposit-book was missing and, after looking high and low for it in vain, I questioned the children, and Lawrence confessed to having taken out a little writing book from the bowl.

I immediately telephoned the bank to withhold payment on my name, not remembering my book number, but they informed me it was canceled. I then hurried down to the bank and interviewed the cashier, who produced the canceled book, together with a paid and canceled check for twenty-five dollars, and another for three hundred and seventy-five dollars—both signed with my forged name. The sharper had withdrawn the balance in two amounts.

The cashier then called the paying-teller and we compared the forged name on the check with mine in their signature-book. They certainly were alike. I argued that they had no right to pay out my money, which I had intrusted to them, without my consent, and told them I would hold them for my loss. They replied that, as the party who drew the money represented himself as my husband, and answered correctly all questions put to him, and as the signature on the checks was the same as that on their records, and the party who drew the money was in possession of the deposit-book, they were not responsible for my loss. They quoted to me rule V of their bank, which was printed in front of the deposit-book, and which read: "As the officers of the bank may not be able to identify every depositor, and as the possession of the deposit-book may, if in improper hands, tend to mislead the said officers in making payment, the bank will not be responsible for payment to any one having the deposit-book, whether this has been lost, mislaid or stolen, unless the bank is given prompt notice in writing of the same by the depositor."

The bank officers, however, promised to put their detective on the trail, but they never apprehended that wise con man who fleeced me out of my savings, and I remain a sad loser but a wiser woman.

—*Mrs. F. M.*

Two Furniture Frauds

ONE day there came into the warerooms of a furniture manufacturing establishment in an Eastern city a man who asked to see parlor-suite frames, and, having been shown them, selected a cheap set and inquired the price of it made up in showy, inexpensive covering and *stuffed with hay.* The surprised salesman never had received such an order before, but, there being no good reason why he should not fill it if the customer so desired, he named a price, which, after some haggling, was accepted and the bargain closed.

The suite was duly finished and sent C. O. D. to a vacant house in a good quarter of the city, where it was received by the buyer in person and paid for. It was not till several weeks later, and by accident then, that the furniture firm discovered just what the purchaser was up to. It seemed that he was in the habit of hiring for a few days unoccupied houses in respectable localities, stocking them hurriedly with trashy but outwardly attractive furnishings, and then advertising a forced sale of them at an enormous sacrifice on the representation that the owner either had died or been obliged to leave town suddenly, or that for some other imperative reason the contents of the house must be disposed of at once quite regardless of cost. It is hardly necessary to say that the buyer was the victim of the "sacrifice."

Another easy game, played some time ago on the too-credulous housewives in a certain suburban community, though not financially serious in its consequences, was rather humiliating to the victims. The example more immediately under notice is this: One evening, when the man of the house returned from his daily grind in the city, he was greeted by his wife with a radiant face and the glad announcement that she had sold all "that old furniture that had been cumbering up the attic for years—and at perfectly splendid prices, too." It appeared that an itinerant dealer had called at the door and asked if they had any old furniture they would like to sell. As there happened to be in the house considerable lumber of that description she had invited him in and showed it to him. With astonishing readiness he had bought two bedsteads at five dollars each, and a dozen cane-seated chairs at two dollars.

"Did you get your money?" asked the suspicious husband, when the glowing recital was finished.

"No, not yet—except a dollar for that old broken table that stood in the corner of the sitting-room; he took that with him and said he would call for the other things later and pay then."

"Ah, I see," commented the suddenly-enlightened man of the house; "very much later it will be, I think you'll find."

His surmise was correct. The broken table was a genuine antique and, with a little repairing, could probably be sold for twenty dollars or more; the other articles were almost absolutely valueless except as firewood; and it is needless to add that the wily dealer, having secured the only prize in that trusting dame's collection, entirely omitted to call for the trash he had pretended to buy at such generous prices.

—*F. B.*

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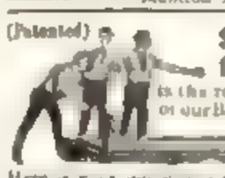

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EDWARD A. SOTHERN

(Concluded from Page 11)

record-book in which he entered the names of scores of persons whom he had met, in the different cities that he visited, in various countries; and against each name he set certain marks indicative of his estimate and valuation of the persons designated. His knowledge of character was deep, accurate and comprehensive. He generally seemed to be gay and even frivolous; but, beneath the surface, he was thoughtful, often sad, always observant. He closely studied, without seeming to do so, every person, man or woman, with whom he came in contact, and he perceived every peculiarity and saw clearly through every disguise. He could go upon his lawn and turn the crank of a hand-organ to amuse a company of vapid English "swells" (Jefferson told me that he saw Sothern doing that, at his home in England), but he knew precisely how vapid the "swells" were, and precisely the way in which to utilize them.

In some respects he was a cynic, and he could confront selfishness with a bland, glittering, sarcastic, yet seemingly innocent and genial playfulness, that appeared positively cruel. He was aware of the evil and the contemptible propensities that are in human nature, and of the weakness and folly that are the frequent blemishes of human conduct, and likewise he was bitterly conscious of his own defects and errors. His secret mood was that of self-reproach, and at heart he was unhappy. His outward aspect, however, remained continually cheerful.

Whatever might happen, his smile was sunshine, mirth attended him, and the roses of pleasure bloomed along his path. He sought distraction; he lived in excitement; he laughed, and he made others laugh; but, intrinsically, he was a man of sombre mind, sensitive conscience, acute sensibility, and affectionate heart; and for unselfishness and integrity his respect had no bounds. In the course of a long life I have been favored with moral admonition from several sources—having never followed conventions, nor deferred to public opinion, nor sought worldly advantage, nor valued property and fame before justice and honor, and therefore having been the proper object of exhortation; but the most earnest moral counsel ever addressed to me fell from the lips of Sothern—and that in times of gayest festival. It takes a conscious sinner to impart good advice, and it was not for nothing that the wise old Egyptians had the skeleton at the feast.

Among my theatrical relics there is a letter from Edwin Booth who was acting in London in 1881—containing this reference to Sothern, with reflections characteristic of the writer:

> After I had finished "Othello," last evening, January 21, I was told of poor Sothern's death. I had passed an hour with him on Monday, and I really thought he might die while I was at his bedside—he was so emaciated and weak. They had taken him to Bournemouth, at the doctor's suggestion; but he suffered so much there that he was hurried back to London. The journey there and back was enough to overwhelm a man in his condition.
>
> What a full company of players has made its exit this twelvemonth past! And how strange it is that so many utterly worthless men are permitted to remain, while the good ones are taken away! And how sad it seems that when the good fellow—who has had such a host of friends—goes to his grave (very often, of late, at all events, it has happened), he should be so poorly attended. Think of Brougham and of Floyd. I don't know what is to be done in Sothern's case. I've heard nothing; and, on account of a very severe cold, which I fear to aggravate while I am acting, I shall not be able to take part in the funeral, beyond visiting the house of mourning. I doubt very much if there'll be many, of all the hundreds that flocked around him in life, that will follow his corse, or think of him after to-day.

Sothern's sons, Lytton (since deceased) and Edward H., now a prosperous actor, were present at the burial of their father, as also were his old friends, Robert Wyndham, of Edinburgh, Sir John Rae Reid, Captain Fred Rasch, and Horace Wall. No one of those old friends, I believe, is now living. Horace Wall, for many years a theatrical agent and manager, at various times associated with Sothern, Edwin Adams, Dion Boucicault, John E. Owens, W. J. Florence, John S. Clarke, and Mrs. John Wood, committed suicide, in New York, March 22, 1899. I just visited the grave of Sothern on August 6, 1891. A simple cross of white marble marks the place, and over it an oak casts its shadow, and roses bloom there, and all is peace.

Sothern has, by some people, been deemed, and called, heartless. I did not find him so. After his death his sister apprised me that he carried my latest letter to him in his breast pocket till the day when he took off his clothes for the last time, and that he kept a volume of my poems, that I had given to him, on the table at his bedside till the last moment of his life. As I think of him, and of the sorrows that he brought upon himself, and of the griefs that he veiled, and of the anguish that he patiently suffered, in his last, long, afflicting illness, I recall the pathetic lines of Byron—never more appropriate than when applied to the experience of that Yorick of the stage:

> Though wit may flash from fluent lips
> and mirth distract the breast,
> Through midnight hours that yield no
> more their former hope of rest,
> 'Tis but as ivy leaves around the
> ruined turret wreath,
> All green and wildly fresh without,
> but worn and gray beneath.

Innes and the Broom

"ONE afternoon," says a friend of the late George Innes, "I was returning from Fontainebleau through the forest to Grèz and, in making a short cut over rough and rocky ground I came upon that painter of beautiful Nature, Cazin, a great hearty fellow dressed in an old light tweed suit, an old straw hat on his head, singing away for dear life and seeming a very happy sort of a soul. I had heard that he was gruff and not at all genial, but he greeted me very kindly, and, as I didn't poke my head over his shoulder, or give him advice, he entered into a very jolly conversation with me, although my French was execrable. He was decidedly more cordial when he found that I was an American and not English—for he was much appreciated in my country, and it meant money in his pocket. He liked the work of American painters, too, and asked me if I knew 'M. Georges Jones' (I found that he meant Innes) and about his work. At that time I was young; in my eyes there could be no painter of worth who was not French, and I discoursed of that splendid interpreter of our landscape like a jackass, and I think M. Cazin so esteemed me.

"Many times in after years, when I had learned more, and got to know George Innes and his work, my foolish words came back to me and made me blush. My studio was very near his when I first returned from Paris, but, except to pass him on the stairs, I had no personal acquaintance. I cannot say I regretted it at the time, for he seemed a crabbed old fellow. His Niagara was on exhibition then, and I stole in there with others and saw his splendid picture and heard his strident and querulous voice. A gentleman gave me an order for a Niagara, which only stress for pennies finally made me fulfill. I heard Innes say to some one shortly after: 'There's a young fool on this floor who saw my picture, and now he thinks *he* must go and paint it, too.' He knew not what a humble brother I really was.

"One day he came into my studio and I saw him give my Niagara a quick glance and turn away. The next day he came again to borrow a hammer, and then often, on one pretext or another, but taking a longer look each time. One day, he came in and looked all my pictures carefully over. On a large sideboard I had, in its frame, a study of Nantucket, and over in the corner was a broom I had painted. It was the smallest canvas I had there. Mr. Innes finally reached the little one, and, after examining it intently for some time, he pointed to the broom, and said—with feigned pleasure: 'There, young man, is the best piece of work you have here—that broom!'

"Oh, my poor Niagara!"

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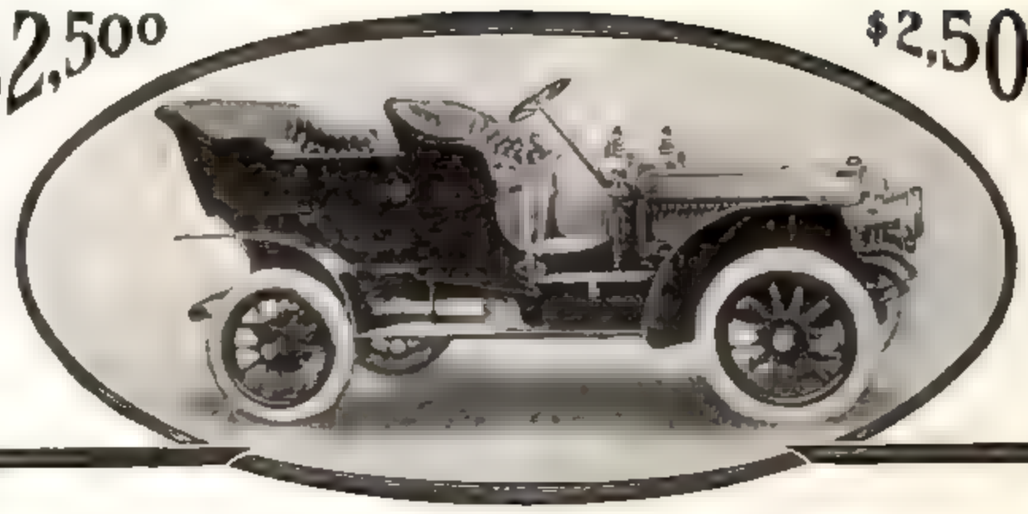

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How Doth the Simple Spelling-Bee

(Continued from Page 5)

"If you have rattlet and mart and wart," yelled Totts, "I'll resign right now, right now, right now!"

"Who thought of having them, having them, having them?" thundered Cottsill.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" wailed Kibosh.

"But consistency ——" objected Maverick.

"You cut out consistency yourself," Cottsill reminded him. We dispatched the past participles, and came also without much disturbance through catalog, demagog, and so forth (vogue and rogue made some trouble, and our fundamental principle of inconsistency had once more to be asserted), but when their blood was roused and the fire of simplification grew hot in them, and they adopted the following with cheers and noises of feet:

Receev, deceev, conceev, beleev, weev, leev, greev, seez, pleez, teez ——

I felt that we had really got going at last, especially when Jesse Willows rose and added fleez. "Plural of dog-biters," he explained, and sat down quietly. At this Miss Appleby gave one brief, happy laugh, but at once resumed a singular tapping of her foot which I had begun to observe. We now thoroughly phoneticked many words: blud, for instance, and wunss (which is so much phoneticker than once!), and the days of the week: Munday, for instance, and Toozday. (I say Tewsday, myself, but I did not mention it to these profound American scholars.)

"My little daughter Zola B.," said Professor Maverick, "can always spell Wednesday."

"My nine children never can," said Totts.

"I withdraw the objection," said Maverick; and so it was Wensday.

Skwirl, for squirrel, was next agreed upon, and lepard, and eegl. And as the blood of the scholars grew ever hotter and hotter, Constitooshun, Deklarayshun and United Staits were adopted.

"But my Zola B. ——" began Maverick.

"What are you-all goin' to call yore next?" asked Willows.

Maverick sighed. "My salary only affords ——"

"Beg yore pardon, suh, I forgot," said Willows with sympathy.

"I object to these constant, trivial interruptions," stated Cottsill.

"Yes, let us onward," urged the chairman.

"Play ball!" added Totts.

"Chew gum!" finished Cottsill.

"I'm through," Egghorn said, sitting down.

"Through?" exclaimed Totts. "That reminds me." And running to his blackboard he wrote:

THRU

"What's that thing?" asked Willows.

"Hup, hup," began Egghorn.

"Through," replied Totts, raising his voice.

"*What?*" said Willows, raising his voice too.

"Through, through!" answered the convention in a body.

And Miss Appleby, amid the general din, remarked: "That's the way a pig would spell if it got the chance."

"Thru, clu, blu, nu, hu," wrote Totts.

"Hu? Hu?" repeated Willows vacantly; "what's hu?"

"Hup, hup, hup," vainly continued Egghorn, waving his arms.

"Hu's who," explained Cottsill loudly.

"Who, who!" explained the whole convention to Willows.

"Booh, pooh!" said Willows. And running to the blackboard he added:

"Bu, pu and stu, also glu."

But Egghorn was now standing on his chair, and screaming, "Hup, hup, hup," with the most energetic violence.

"Oh, write it!" every one cried out to him.

They lifted Egghorn down from his chair, and he ran eagerly to his blackboard, upon which he wrote: "This is illiterate, this is unscholarly."

And again the convention cried out together: "We're not here to be scholarly, we're not here to be literate."

"Have yore way, gentlemen," said Jesse Willows; "I'll stand for anything."

"Well, I can't stand this any longer!" exclaimed Miss Appleby; and rising to her pretty feet she continued: "Gentlemen, in your charitable solicitude for foreigners, you may be making our spelling easy for Lithuanians (though I doubt it), but you are making it quite impossible for the English."

Upon this a cold silence fell, and then: "And who are the English, madam?" asked Cottsill.

Miss Appleby gave her delightful brief laugh. "I'm sorry you don't know, sir," said she, "for I didn't come here to begin your education." And she sat down. There was an impulse in me to call her Gertrude, but I felt it to be premature.

A general murmuring confusion of consulting and dissenting voices now arose among the scholars.

"But what did you come here for?" I asked Miss Appleby.

"Not to see unbroken dogs put their muddy paws all over the greatest language in the world," she retorted.

"Dear me, dear me," I returned with soothing deprecation, for she was plainly very much incensed; "then what did you come for?"

"Oh, for reasons," she returned evasively.

Doubts that I could not define began suddenly to fill my mind, and I said to her: "Didn't you write about Shakespeare?"

"A college joke," she answered contemptuously. "Perhaps I'll write about simplified spelling now."

"Then you don't believe in the Higher Spelling?" I asked.

"No!" she declared with defiance.

"Does Professor Willows?" I pursued.

"Hadn't you better ask him about that?" she replied.

I think my face must have turned the reddest that anger can paint faces; for now, at any rate, I had no doubts as to how I had been made game of in the private car. Yes, they had mocked me. The impudent young man had manufactured absurd spelling for my serious attention, and he and Miss Appleby had then made merry together over it, and over myself. But before I could frame a fitting rebuke to the frivolous though lovely young woman beside me, a distracting hubbub of voices was set up, and through this I heard Kibosh calling:

"On your blackboards, gentlemen, on your blackboards."

The convention gradually heard him, too, and scholar after scholar bounded from his chair, seized a piece of chalk, and began to write. Only one was left, who stood at his place, pouring forth the most execrable sounds I have ever heard.

"Professor Dudelsacker has the floor," said Kibosh.

"Burrmeowskreeyiyiwurrburrwowwow-meow," went the professor.

"Turn that Central Pennsylvania Dutch quacker out!" shouted some one.

"I've resigned already meowowow," squealed Dudelsacker in a fury; and he took his departure at once.

But this brought us no calm. Twenty pieces of chalk were rattling on the blackboards like a platoon of telegraphic instruments. Each scholar was making his own list for the new dictionary of English, and I read the lists of Totts, Maverick and Cottsill, so far as they had written them. Jesse Willows was writing, too, with sweeping flourishes; but I had ceased to place faith in his integrity.

Surracuse	Beverly Fahms	Anywheres	Cyar
Yurrup	Rud	Everywheres	Cyard
Surrup	But	Nowheres	Cyart
Mawrul	Cut		Gyarden
Sawrul	Grantha		Coat-house
Kwawrul			
Awringe			
Amurrican			

"Awringe," I murmured aloud, in ignorance of its meaning; but my own voice revealed to me that it was our chief Florida fruit, as pronounced by Lysander Totts, of Numa Pompilius, New York, discoverer of Cleopatra's true sex. The whole great West was rattling away on the boards behind me, but what I saw in front of me was enough to hold my attention; and my eyes were straying back and forth between awringe and grantha, when Totts, happening to glance up from his work, beheld the work of Maverick next him.

He stopped abruptly. "Rud?" he inquired of the professor from Fishball University, author of Pecan Nuts.

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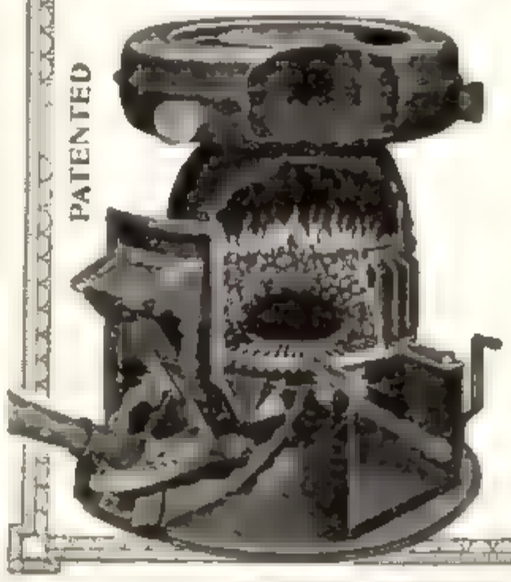

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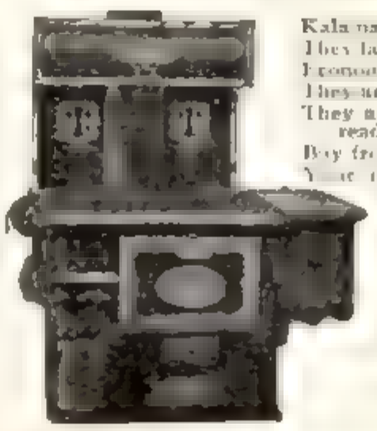

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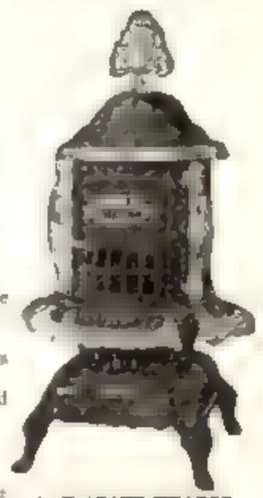

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"Road," explained Maverick, writing out the old spelling. "Road, boat, coat."

"Hm," said Totts with disapprobation.

"But what is grantha?" I whispered to Miss Appleby.

"Can it be a breakfast-food?" she suggested; and again I wished to call her Gertrude.

Totts was still gazing at Maverick's list. "Hm. Yes," he repeated. "Bean-talk from Boston. We don't want it."

"Are we phonetic or not?" returned Maverick sharply.

But Totts had now caught sight of Cottsill's list. "Anywheres?" he read aloud. "Why anywheres? Rub all those out."

"I will not," declared the author of Nostalgia in the Lobster. "I guess if you can be phonetic, I can."

"I'm afraid they're skipping grantha," said Miss Appleby.

"Who says anywheres?" demanded Totts.

"I do," snapped Cottsill.

"Well, I don't," Totts replied. "And, what's more, I won't."

Cottsill raised his voice. "I guess I can be phonetic just as ——"

"Anywheres is vulgar," interrupted Totts.

"Vulgar yourself!" screamed Cottsill, jumping up and down.

"Vulgar! Vulgar!" chimed in Maverick, whom the term bean-talk had nettled

But Totts had spied the list of Jesse Willows, and was pointing at it disdainfully. "And pray," said he, "what may a coat-house be?"

Now the handsome young man from Pawpaw was the last person to select for addressing in such a tone as Lysander Totts had taken.

"I beg yore pardon, suh?" he remarked, so politely that I became filled with apprehension.

Miss Appleby was gazing at him with all her eyes. "What do you think of him?" she whispered to me.

I suppose that indignation at his unwarrantable treatment of me in the car rendered me imprudent. "My dear Gertrude," I said to her, "he is as beautiful as the day, as ignorant as a Socialist, and as dishonest as a plumber."

"How dare you speak of my husband so?" she replied; "we were married this morning That's all we came for to your silly convention. Good-by." And rising, she swept out of the room.

But her exit was unobserved. The great West was still rattling on its blackboards; Maverick and Cottsill were scowling darkly at Totts. Totts was pointing one finger at coat-house, and Willows was smiling steadily at Totts, in a manner that now convinced me we were approaching the edge of something quite particular. Nor did even the bridegroom know that his bride had left us.

"I beg yore pardon, suh?" he repeated.

"Coat-house. What's that?" said Totts.

"It is whah they'd have you, suh, if they caught you teachin' any o' those railroad accidents o' yores to the young."

"Yes, indeed; yes, indeed!" cried Maverick and Cottsill eagerly.

Totts loudly blew his nose. "It shall remain court-house in the dictionary of scholars," he remarked.

Willows ran his eye up and down Totts' list, and then up and down Totts. "Schooling," he softly returned, "has done powerful little for the Amurrican who sails to Yurrup and puts surrup on his hot cakes."

"Yes, indeed; yes, indeed!" said Cottsill and Maverick again.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" pleaded Kibosh, "do not quarrel."

"Kwawrul, you mean," smiled Jesse Willows. "It's immawrul to kwawrul in Surracuse, Noo Yorruk."

Totts now began to show signs of jumping up and down.

"Have we adopted phonetic spelling, or have we not?" he roared.

"Not yore kind," said Willows.

"Yore!" echoed Totts. "Listen to that dialect!" And he blew his nose more loudly.

"Hup, hup," began Egghorn; but his voice stuck as usual.

"You should get a chauffeur," said Cottsill severely to him.

"Hup, hup. Compromise," finished Egghorn.

"Ah, yes, gentlemen, there we have it!" said Kibosh earnestly. "Compromise is progress. Let us all accept one another. Thus the cause will profit."

His exhortation produced a brief, a very brief, lull. Kibosh set the organ once more to playing "My spelling 'tis of thee," while the rattling West continued to create a new language behind us.

At length Cottsill sighed. "Very well," he said, "for the sake of anywheres, I'll vote for surrup."

"That's wise, that's kind, that's good," said Kibosh; and he beat one hand gently on the table.

At this hopeful point, Jesse Willows noticed, for the first time, that no lady was now present, and his long body made a singular twisting and free motion beneath his clothes.

"I will vote for rud and anywheres," Totts said. "But I doubt if I can accept coat-house."

Jesse Willows took him instantly by the nose. "You'll accept nothin'," said he, with great sweetness; and he shook him forward and back. "I am weary of you and yore antics," and he shook him right and left. "You're goin' to rub out everything you have written," and he shook him round and round.

"Help," gurgled the struggling Totts. "Help!"

"No, indeed; no, indeed," cried Maverick and Cottsill, delighted.

"You gentlemen are included," said Willows to them, and they both hastily covered their noses with their hands. "I don't mean that way," he continued. "But you're goin' to rub yore lists out, too. Why, you're the contemtiblest of all the great American frauds. Just because you have written a picayune book on some picayune specialty, you pass for bein' educated in our half-civilized country. Put you among genuine scholars and you would look like old gum shoes. I know my accent is provincial," he paused and looked at Totts for a moment, "but it's a heap prettier'n yores," he shook Totts round and round again; "and you and I are just goin' to let the English language take care of herself. She has done it for a thousand years, and she'll do it for a thousand more, changin' what she pleases an' keepin' what she pleases."

So saying, the young man, even as one drags a resisting dog by a chain, dragged the howling Totts by his nose to the blackboard, and forced the rubber into his hand; whereat he leaped into the air, and erased his Surracuse list at one sweep. And next, since Cottsill and Maverick were hanging back also, one with his arms shielding grantha, while the other shielded anywheres, Totts was conducted to those words. "Out with grantha," commanded Jesse. "We'll keep it grandfather for a while yet, Mr. Bean Talk."

In the conflict that arose, a rubber flew crooked and hit one of the great West sharply in the back of the neck. He, being under a misapprehension, thereupon kicked his neighbor savagely, and in a moment all the profound scholars engaged together in a blind war, rubbing out one another's lists, whacking one another's heads, and often rolling by twos and threes beneath the table, from which dictionaries and inkstands were falling continuously. Jesse Willows had mounted upon the table with the still bellowing Totts, whom he led, amid the clouds of chalk and general bedlam.

At the first pause which exhaustion brought, Masticator B. Fellows was perceived to be looking on quietly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "dear friends" (and these words stopped everything), "I am well pleased with what you have accomplished. I expected results, and I have got them. The surgeon awaits you in the House of Bandages."

No serious wounds were found; but also no scholar was found to be upon speaking terms with any other. By the generosity of Masticator each was sent home separately in a private car, on a special train, with plenty of chickle.

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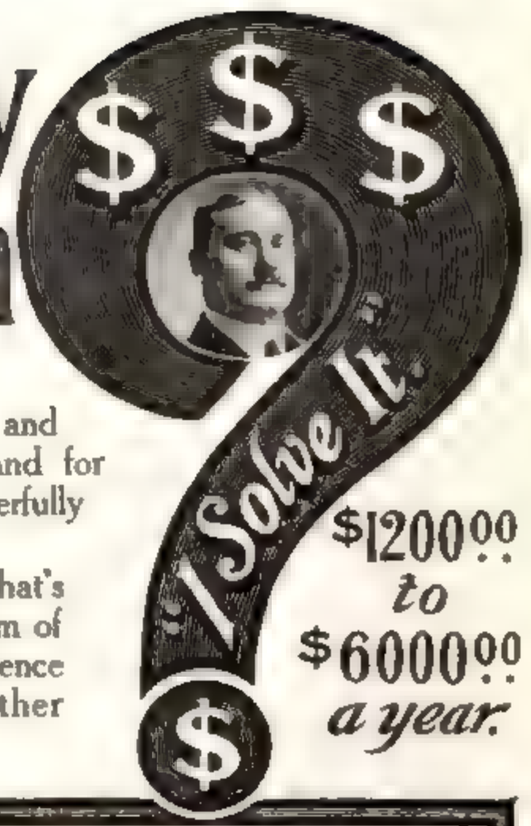
SIMPLE SPELLERS WED

was one of the first headlines that greeted me upon my homeward journey. Yes; Jesse Willows and Gertrude Appleby were the exceptions; these two scholars had gone away in the same car together to their honeymoon, while I returned to the index of my forthcoming volume.

Heigho!

The $alary $ Question



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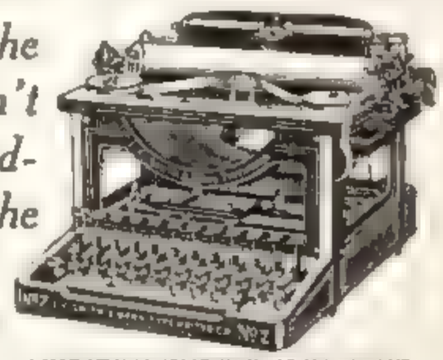

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STAR MONTHLY

147 Hunter St., OAK PARK, ILL.

THE CAVE MAN

(Continued from Page 17)

"Because what we want is not your unwilling acquiescence, but your positive and practical aid. We know that you need us, but we are equally certain that we need you—your experience, your skill, the excellence of your car, your known integrity."

"But, since I refuse that, the issue is between your strength and mine."

"What I mean, sir," said Sears, again expanding in imagination, "is that this idea of ours, the idea of industrial consolidation, is bigger than you or I—bigger than all of us together. Our strength lies not in power of the kind you speak of, but in the fact that we are fighting on the side of progress."

"You refuse my proposition?"

Penrhyn showed hesitation, and Wistar drew a moment's hope from the fact; but Sears was resolute. "We do," he said decisively. Penrhyn nodded acquiescence.

The conference of which Wistar had hoped so much was over. "You have made the fight," he said grimly. "But I promise you I will make the fighting."

"Don't dismiss the matter so," Mr. Sears pleaded.

"How else can we dismiss it?"

"There is so much to say! It's too late for our ride now. Can't you dine with us?"

"My dear sir," Wistar protested, "the result could only be what it always has been!"

"At least you might come," urged Judith. "Perhaps, after all, if we eat enough of one another's dinners, we sha'n't have to eat one another."

Wistar went to his desk, where she was sitting. "If you wish it," he said.

"Ring for a messenger!" she commanded. "And may I have paper and an envelope?"

Wistar seldom used this desk, his main office being in the factory, and it was kept in scrupulous order. "My stenographer puts everything under lock and key—to save Andrews from temptation, he says." Unlocking a drawer he gave her the stationery, and, having pulled the messenger-call, collected the papers he had been showing and put them in the safe.

"*What* do you think can have become of May?" Judith suddenly cried. She asked Penrhyn to give her note to the messenger and started forth. "Come! Help me find her!" she said to Wistar.

IX

WISTAR had no sooner gone than a change came over Penrhyn's manner. "You put up a strong bluff," he said to Mr. Sears, "but I'm afraid you overdid it!"

"I said what I believed," the old man answered with dignity. "The logic of events requires him to join us. In the end he will have to recognize it."

"He join us? Not he! Didn't you see? He's fairly eaten up with confidence and conceit. As matters stand, we've simply got to know how strong he is—and if you'd given the least hint of weakening he'd have shown us!"

"I think you've misread his character. He talks big; but you know the old saying: 'Barking dogs don't bite'"

"That old saying has been revised. You know that barking dogs don't bite, and I know that barking dogs don't bite; but that dog, Wistar, does he know that barking dogs don't bite?"

Sears was clearly pained by Penrhyn's failing courage, but still far from disheartened. "At the worst," he said firmly, "if he fights us—I still think he won't fight—in the long run we can stand him off."

"Think? The long run? Thinking and the long run have no charm for the underwriter. To back this scheme as it stands I should have to stake my heart's blood. I've simply got to know how much of a fight he can put up. And that list would have told us."

"Surely, you exaggerate! We shall have to go in heavily, no doubt; but what is that compared with—I use your own words—the wealth of Monte Cristo!"

Penrhyn laughed outright. "*I*—the wealth of Monte Cristo! You are as innocent as our friend Wistar. That was the merest bluff! *I* not feel the loss of a few millions! You're right! I shouldn't feel it; I should be dead."

"You descend to such tricks?"

"I don't know what you call tricks. This game we're playing is not bridge. It is business. We've got to face things as they are. How do you suppose I happened to get this last chance at Wistar? That explosion of mine an accident? My dear sir, I planned the whole thing."

"That, I suppose," said Mr. Sears, smiling sadly, "is one of your jokes."

"Not my joke! I learned the trick from a man who uses it to bash farm-dogs as they run barking beneath the back wheels. He warned me that if I put enough gas into the muffler it would blow out the head. So I did; and I calculated so neatly that the shebang went off on Wistar's front stoop'"

"I am surprised," said Sears.

"Do you think I can get up a syndicate to buy a Kilkenny cat fight, and at the finish have the end of one tail for our money? What I want to buy is a trust. Do you realize what he says—and the beggar seemed to be telling the truth—that our own people are going back on us? One glance at that list would have shown whether we stand to pick up a few cold millions or drop them." He turned, as he finished, with a little gesture of disgust, and his eye fell upon Andrews, again standing at the door, mute and watchful. In the heat of his disappointment he had not heard the door open—or had it been opened stealthily? "Hello!" he snapped. "Where did you come from?"

"The muffler is in," said Andrews; then he added, with a look of cunning: "Couldn't help overhearing, Mr. Penrhyn."

"The deuce you couldn't!"

"You want to know just who his pals are. I keep my eyes open. Perhaps, I could put you wise, you and Mr. Sears."

"You are both watchful and generous. But we can do our own guessing easier."

"We can't listen to this sort of thing," Sears exclaimed. "If the motor is mended we must find May and Judith." As he spoke he went out past Andrews.

Penrhyn started to follow, but paused, remembering Judith's letter, which he held in his hand.

"'Tain't guessing I refer to," whispered Andrews. "Where is the list old Wistar spoke *of*?"

"Where do you suppose?" Penrhyn was a student of human nature, he told himself, and here was an interesting specimen to amuse him while he waited. "Locked up in the safe, of course."

"That little bit of antique furniture! Johnny-on-the-Spot could get into it in five minutes!"

"You want me to take up with safe-cracking, you jailbird!" The angry light in Penrhyn's eyes subsided, however, almost as quickly as it had come.

"Hold on, now!" Andrews retorted, his face clouding. "Them ain't the words! All you got to do is to put up a round thousand, and charge it to promotion expenses. Many's the gentleman done that before."

He came closer, and Penrhyn started aside to avoid his whisky-breath.

As he did so the door opened, and Irvingdale Smith came in—a cheery-eyed, black-mustached personality, who had the virtue of appearing the unrepentant pirate that he was. The three looked at one another with about equal surprise and suspicion.

"How are you?" said Penrhyn nonchalantly. "My muffler-head just blew out, there in the street, and Wistar has been kind enough to lend me a man to put it in." His tone implied that it would not be as easy for Smith to explain his presence in this particular place.

Smith was not, however, put out. "Is Mr. Wistar in?" he asked of Andrews. "I came to see him on business."

"He's been and gone," Andrews answered without hesitation. His voice intimated that Smith had better go too.

"Very well," said Smith, "I'll call again." And, nodding to Penrhyn, he went out.

"He came to see you!" Penrhyn said, confronting Andrews. "More crooked business?"

"See me here? Not on your life!"

Penrhyn saw the force of this.

"What he's after," Andrews went on, giving voice to Penrhyn's own conclusion, "is to get himself on that there list! When do you want it?"

"Not at all!" said Penrhyn. But his tone was not remarkable for conviction.

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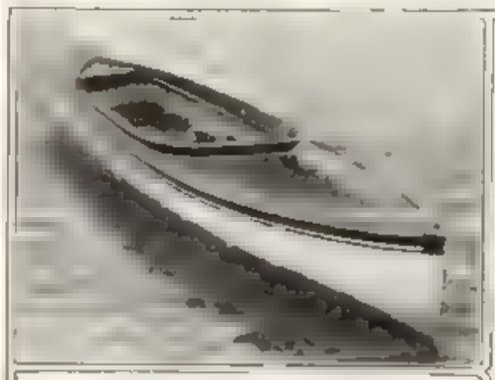

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At this further evidence that his allies were coolly deserting him, he stood a while in silence.

"Not at all?" Andrews questioned significantly. "Suppose I was to go and tell old man Wistar what I've just overheard—that you've got cold feet: so cold you're rubbin' the chilblains? *Sure* you don't want that there list?"

"Not at all," Penrhyn supplemented, "unless, to-night."

"To-night? How early?"

"Before eight, in my rooms."

Andrews' face fell. "That means crack the safe after Wistar goes, and before the garage closes!" His hand trembled and a look of fear came into his eyes. "It's State's prison, and worse than the last bit. I can't do it!"

"All right," said Penrhyn, in a tone of relief. The project was all in the way of business, and very important business, but habit and fear both struggled against this new temptation. He added, however: "Since you've dropped your nerve."

"I could do it for two thousand. It's a matter of millions to you, Monte Cristo."

At this sally, Penrhyn laughed with hearty appreciation, and in a moment his scruples lifted. The peculiarities of certain phases of American business are closely allied to the national sense of humor.

Andrews felt something of this, and it gave him confidence. "Just what is it you want, and how shall I pick it out when I get inside?"

Penrhyn briefly described the paper. "And hold on!" he added. "While you're about it, if I give you two thousand, I want the patterns and records of a new gear-shifting device: that's right in your line, isn't it?"

"You mean to crib the invention? Ain't it patented?"

"That's not your business!"

Every attraction has its corresponding repulsion; and the forces that made these two men allies made them also enemies.

"If you find anything else in the safe that's in your line," Penrhyn added, "take it, for all of me."

"Say, you're a slick one!" Andrews exclaimed. "What you want is to throw Wistar off your track and make the circumstantial evidence point to me! But I know a thing or two—when I can remember both of them! Write me down on paper just what it is you want."

"Why so?" said Penrhyn significantly. "Can't you remember—both of them?"

"I shall have other things on my mind! When you're working on the keen jump, with State's prison round the corner, every second counts. There's heaps o' papers in that safe, and all on 'em got names. S'pose I get confused? You write down what you want, and I'll get it."

Penrhyn eyed him with suspicion. Yet he knew that drink, although it steadies the nerves, is apt to let slip the more delicate cogs of the memory. The stipulation, he concluded, was not unreasonable. There was no paper on the desk, and he searched his pockets in vain. His eyes fell on Judith's handbag, which she had left on the blotting-pad. The only paper in it was a pack of Judith's cards and her father's.

"One of them cards will do," Andrews suggested.

"Isn't there any scrap of paper? The margin of a newspaper?"

"Come to think of it," said Andrews, his look of cunning deepening, "I'd rather have the card. Much more official like."

"Blackmail? You couldn't convict us on that, even if we refused to give up."

"No, but I could make a lot of talk! After seeing the papers, suppose you said I'd made a mistake?—refused me the money? Where'd I be then? If you put it in black and white, on this card, you wouldn't dare do me dirt. That's all I'm after!" Andrews selected one of Mr. Sears' cards and gave it to Penrhyn, with a pen dipped in ink. "No ticket, no soup! See?"

"My dear sir," Penrhyn said, with a smile of frank admiration, "in slickness I yield you the bun! With that evidence, you could hold me up for the loveliest blackmail! Write it yourself!" He took up the card, and with a few sharp strokes of the pen scratched out the name and address. Then he dictated, and, after a moment's reluctance, Andrews wrote. "Remember," Penrhyn concluded, "before seven-thirty by messenger! Until then, cut out the drink! If you forget my address, look in the telephone-book. Call yourself at midnight and I'll give you the swag. Now, it's up to us to separate." He handed him Judith's letter. "Wait outside," he commanded.

"Hadn't you best take the lady her bag?" Andrews suggested.

Penrhyn picked it up, and then put it down again. "That," he said, "is a matter that had best be left to right itself."

As Andrews stood in the garage entrance, waiting for Judith's messenger, a slow smile spread upon his face. "You're pretty slick, Penrhyn," he said to himself; "but not quite slick enough! It's a business gentlemen ain't got no right to mix up with. Two thousand down, and then—if the cat jumps my way—the loveliest blackmail!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IN GREATER GRUB STREET

(*Concluded from Page 8*)

sources of steady income, writing regularly for a trade journal or two, or making a reputation in some other side line. In all periodical work time is needed to market the stuff. What a successful man is producing to-day may not boil the pot for three months. But hundreds of commissions are given out by advertising agencies and business houses, ranging all the way from a piece of writing required of a man who has a specialty or easy trick of expression, up to the decorating of a piano by some artist who has to be tempted with glory instead of money. A manufacturing concern making bathtubs has, during the past two years, been in the market for nearly anything pertaining to the history of baths and plumbing for a small periodical it publishes to promote business, and now has material that would make a valuable treatise on the subject, going back to the earliest times, fully illustrated. Occasionally a trade journal editor catches the "great name" infection, and wants the opinion of J. Pierpont Morgan and Chauncey Depew on running a country bank, or the prospects in the hat trade. Sometimes he gets them and sometimes not. But business firms that seek material in Greater Grub Street soon see the incentive of quick payment, and free-lance workers in almost every line come in touch with this ever-growing branch of the demand. Perhaps half the artists in New York, and all the joke-writers, know a certain humorous weekly published near Cooper Union by a clothing house, for distribution through its chain of retail stores. Those who do, think of it in terms of gratitude, for the editor has long made a practice of buying jokes and pictures and paying for them on the spot, in cash. The street, too, is capable of meeting commerce half-way. Writers and artists who send an itemized bill in regular form with their work are now common. One special writer has gone further. When he finishes a commission for a business house or advertising agency, his bill bears the potent formula, "Five days, three per cent.," and check comes back almost immediately minus the discount. If it doesn't the writer decides that he doesn't care to work for a firm that can't discount its bills.

In fact, what distinguishes this new Grub Street from the old one of tradition is its canny sense of business usage. Demand is steadily making changes in the customs of publishers and writers. Everywhere the leisurely ways of literature and art, as traditions, are being replaced by promptitude. Publishing has assumed such proportions, and is growing at such a rate, that the old customs will not answer no matter how delightful they may be to think about in the abstract. If one of the grand old men of literature were to survey present conditions he might not approve. The efficient tone prevailing in it all suggests a speculation as to whether the finer side of letters has been permanently eliminated. It must be remembered, though, that ninety per cent. of the output has nothing even remotely connected with letters. And it must also be borne in mind that Greater Grub Street is hardly ten years old, that its standard of workmanship has steadily advanced, and that probably, if there is any prospect of enduring work in America, it is as likely to lie right in the heart of this new activity as in some remote Concord.

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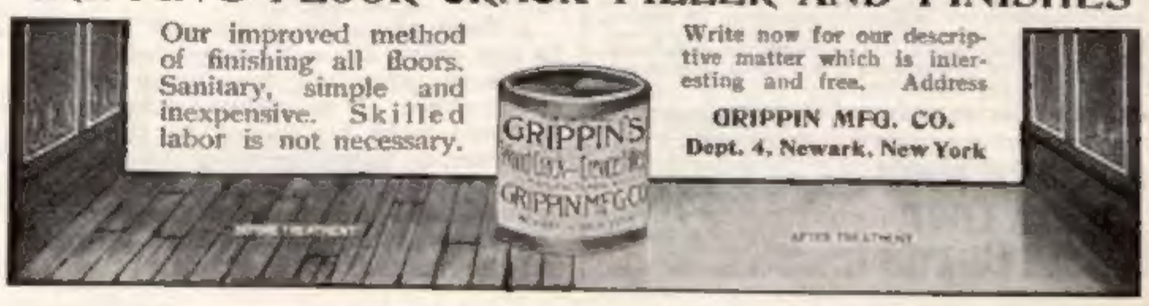

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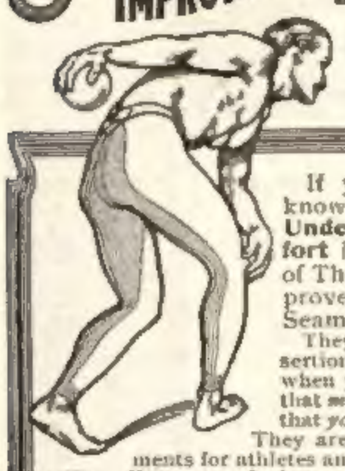

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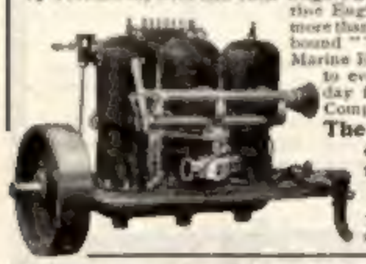

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A VENTURE IN HIGH FINANCE

(Concluded from Page 13)

"How absurd!" she exclaimed.

It occurred to him that this was not a direct answer, but word came from Ed while he was debating the advisability of pressing the question. Ed telegraphed that he was coming on the first train.

"Must have been waiting at the telegraph office," remarked Jasper.

Still, it must be confessed that he was cheered considerably by the news. Ed was no city man, but, as Susie said, he had been to the city before, and it would be some consolation to have a friend with them. He readily agreed that he and Susie should go to the train to meet Ed, but, unfortunately, the police wanted him to come and look at a suspect at the very time that they ought to have been starting for the depot.

"Well," he said, "Ed can find his way here all right."

Which was true enough, but not at all satisfactory to the girl. It naturally followed that, as soon as her father was out of the way, she left a note for him and started for the depot herself.

The train was over an hour late, she was informed. She hesitated, uncertain whether to remain or return to the hotel, and just then her glance fell on a man who was slipping easily through the crowd. It was Aiken, the man who had sold her father the road.

A city girl would have looked instinctively for a policeman, but, in the absence of her father, Susie Abbott always had had to rely upon herself. She was fearless in the face of any danger that she understood, and a little pearl-handled, silver-mounted revolver, nestling where it could be quickly reached, gave her confidence. The bewilderment of the city left her; she had something tangible to deal with now.

Aiken turned, in response to a touch on his arm, and found himself looking into the blazing eyes of the Western girl.

"I want Dad's money," she said.

His life made him resourceful; he recovered his self-possession quickly.

"Certainly," he returned. "Let's get out of the way of these people."

He led her to one side, where they could talk without being overheard.

"Now, what's the matter?" he asked.

"I want Dad's money," she repeated.

"Oh, if he's getting worried," he said, "I'll go and get it for him."

"I'll go along," she announced.

"Oh, no," he returned. "I left it in my room."

"I'll go," she said decidedly.

He was most uncomfortable. It is probable that he never had been more uncomfortable than at that particular moment. It would be a simple matter for her to call a policeman, and there were many things that he would not care to explain to the police.

"What is the trouble?" he asked, to gain a little more time. "Has your father lost his nerve? I'll have things in shape to sell for him at a big profit in a day or so."

"Sell what?" she demanded. "We never got the stock."

He knew then that she had been to the offices of the road, but, with that knowledge, there came an inspiration. He occasionally used worthless stock in his business, and he could doctor a little in a way that would deceive an unsophisticated girl.

"Oh, the stock!" he exclaimed. "I can give you an armful of that, if it will make you feel any more comfortable. The deed really takes the place of it, but there's no reason why you shouldn't have the stock, too. I suppose the clerks at the office talked about stock. They're all clerks there, and they don't know any more about the financial affairs of the road than a cowboy knows about the financial affairs of the ranch that employs him. But I'll get you the stock."

"I'll go along," she insisted.

"The little fool!" he said to himself, and the glance he gave her would have frightened a more sophisticated girl; but he agreed to the arrangement.

A dozen plans flitted through his mind. In any event, the advantage would be all on his side when he got her away from the public street. If necessary for his escape, he could leave her locked in the room. However, he talked mostly of the stock and of the ignorance of clerks in matters of high finance, and she seemed convinced.

Aiken was superb in his line: his ready tongue and quick wit had done wonders for him on previous occasions, and even the possibility of adding something to the original swindle occurred to him. That would be a master-stroke, but it was as yet among the hazy plans, also. The main thing was that he was getting her away from the possibility of police interference.

He was almost afraid that she would balk at the rather forbidding entrance to the building, but she merely declined to enter first.

"I'll follow," she said with true Western caution.

He cheerfully went ahead.

The stairs and hallway were dark, but he heard her coming lightly along behind him. He could not know, of course, that the gloominess, dirt and general shabbiness re-aroused the suspicions he had been so industriously lulling, and that she made preparations accordingly. He did not know this until he entered the room that was his temporary home, and, turning, looked into the muzzle of a little pearl-handled, silver-mounted revolver. It was small, but it had a very businesslike look, and the hand that held it was quite steady.

"Don't bother about the stock," she said. "I'll take the money."

"You don't understand," he protested.

"No," she admitted; "Dad and I have read about high finance and heard about high finance, but this little try at it makes me think we don't understand it at all. So I'll take the money."

"It isn't here," he asserted, looking into the muzzle of the little weapon with anxious fascination. "You don't suppose I'd keep any money in such a place as this, do you?"

"You said it was here," she insisted.

"I thought the stock ——"

"You said the money was here," she interrupted. "A liar's as bad as a cow rustler, and I hate him worse."

"Don't! Don't!" he pleaded. It seemed to his excited gaze that she was pressing dangerously hard upon the trigger, and a cold chill was exercising along his spine.

"If you lied," she persisted, "it's mighty unlucky for you. I came here for Dad's money."

"It's in my pocket," he said.

"Take it out," she ordered.

"It isn't the same money," he said, with an attempt at a smile. "Somebody else contributed this, and there's more of it."

"I don't want any more than belongs to Dad," she told him. "Count it out."

He did so, and she tucked it inside the waist of her gown.

"Now," she said, "we'll go back to the train and meet Ed. I don't know what to do with you, but Ed will. You behave when we get outside. I'll be right with you, and I can run, jump, ride and shoot better than any man you've got in this town."

He had not the least doubt of it. Furthermore, he was satisfied that she was quite capable of doing any one of the things that might be necessary.

She was close to him all the way, and he knew that her hand rested on that pretty little revolver in the pocket of her coat. To try to escape from a woman would bring him too certainly and suddenly under the observation of the police.

They stood a little back from the crowd when the train came in. But always she kept him where they had a clear space, and relied upon Ed to find her. Not even when Ed came did she relax her vigilance.

"That's the man," she said before Ed could speak.

"What man?" he asked.

"The sneak that stole our money," she explained. "I don't know what to do——"

"Do!" cried Ed. "Why, do this!"

Aiken was a badly battered man when the police rescued him. But he said he didn't care to make any charge against his assailant.

"I should think not!" exclaimed Susie. "He's a thief."

"What shall we do with him?" asked the police.

"Nothing," answered Ed, when he learned that the girl had recovered the money. "I've done it."

"And oh! Ed," she said, as they got away from the crowd that had gathered, "Dad isn't going to kick up any fuss if we're married here, now that you've come."

"Is that right?" exclaimed Ed joyfully. "Then that mussed-up man isn't such a bad friend of ours."

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